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1912 OCT 12

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,972 Vol. 114.

12 October 1912.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is the way with people to be surprised when that which is expected happens. For weeks and months the papers have been telling us that war in the Balkans was almost inevitable; that relations between Bulgaria and Turkey were at breaking point; that the Balkan peoples were so bellicose in spirit that their respective Governments could hardly hold them in. Then the Montenegrins are not held in. Montenegro takes the first step, and war begins. This, again according to the papers, comes like a thunderbolt, though we do not remember anyone being malappropiate enough to call it a bolt from the blue. There was perhaps some reason for surprise that Montenegro should be first to cross the border; but not that someone crossed. In fact, it was no accident that this part was assumed by Montenegro; it fell to her, and she went through with it.

There is certainly a very widely spread feeling that Turkey had become impossible. Not a few whose sentiment is on the whole pro-Turk and who have a very kindly feeling for the Turkish people have been quite put off by the scandals of Turkish government. Few feel more bitterly than the disillusioned admirers of the constitutional régime. They proclaimed the Turk a changed man and sang in the new order with pæans of thankfulness. It took them long to learn that their notion of reform and that of the Young Turks was not at all the same. They heralded a golden age for Turkey's Christian subjects, but the Turks proclaimed Ottomanisation instead; and their methods of conversion proved not very different from, or, perhaps we should say not much worse than, Abdul Hamid's. Where is all this cap-throwing, these tears of joy, this Era of Hope now? Really they who would deal in politics and facts should be made of sterner stuff. Their sentimental weeping over the regenerate Turk has meant weeping in earnest for the Christians

One cannot help hoping Abdul Hamid is alive and able to see what is going on. He really should be somewhere smiling round the corner. Since his removal Turkey has lost her title to Bosnia, Herzegovina, Tripoli; Albania has been in chronic rebellion; Bulgaria thrown off all allegiance; Europe looks askance on Turkey as before; and now there is a general flare-up. At any rate, Abdul Hamid may fairly say, things could not have been much worse, if I had remained.

Not that war is really a bad thing for Turkey—bad it may be for her finances, but finance is little beside character—war is the one thing that could save her. The Turk is a soldier and his trade is war, and he will never be fit for any other trade. So long as there is fighting to do, the Turk will not be wanting. All that is best in the Turkish people, all that is least bad in the Turkish Government and governing class, will now come out. They will make a great mistake who imagine from the contemptible story of Young Turk politics that war will tell the same tale. Those whose horror at Turkish outrages makes them furiously wish for Turkish defeat should be careful of making their wish the father of their thought. The war will not be settled, or affected, by phil-Hellenic enthusiasm or heads turned by Christian chivalry.

As to actual fighting, Montenegrins and Turks got into touch at once on the Albanian frontier. Two Turkish forts have been captured; there has been fighting round Berane, and Scutari is threatened. There has been a report that it has fallen. But reports count for even less in war-time than usual. The public should be on its guard against "news" of the war and waste no coppers on the attraction of huge type on placards. A skirmish easily becomes a "great battle" in a newspaper bill. At first, of course, the Turks will suffer. They are sure not to be ready; and they have to bring troops from far.

There is something in what the political grumblers say—all things are not as they might be in Front Bench arrangements. Some people arrive there who should not, and some never arrive there who should. Take the Prime Minister's right-hand neighbour in the debate

on Thursday. Could any mind of judgment really be persuaded or persuade itself that the Home Secretary is Home Secretary and a member of the inner Cabinet through brain power? But on the other hand take the first two speakers in that debate: it might be equally hard for one who can judge about public men and affairs to doubt that both lead their parties to-day simply by right of ability. The House of Commons in the past has sometimes put up with mediocrity in its leaders when high talent has been available. But we hope and believe that day has gone by.

The contrast between the two parliamentary leaders is very interesting. We never remarked it more than during the debate on the Prime Minister's motion for the gag. There is no doubt Mr. Asquith stands for the old Gladstone tradition in the House of Commons. His way is distinctly reminiscent of the Gladstone way, though the style clearly is his own too—he is far too good a man to ape anyone. There are perhaps only two really very able men to-day on the Front Benches who belong to that Gladstonian parliamentary school, and it happens that they are both Liberals. We should say its chief characteristic is a certain stateliness, a fine decorum and temper in debate. Mr. Asquith has not of course the genius of Gladstone in oratory any more than in action. His speeches are not iridescent, and do not glow. But they are very good to hear, and are good to read. Moreover, to-day he looks the part so well. He is not impressive physically as Gladstone was, still he is impressive in another class; and it is a pleasure to see and hear Mr. Asquith at or near his best.

He was excellent on Thursday, explaining away the gag with the persuasiveness of the perfect parliamentary hand. The Prime Minister may almost persuade his opponents whilst he is speaking as he spoke on Thursday. Some of us take more and more to his manner. Unfortunately for Mr. Asquith, he was followed by Mr. Bonar Law, who made a deadly speech. He had in his waistcoat pocket two half-sheets of crumpled notepaper, which held two extracts from Mr. Asquith's past speeches or election addresses. He had nothing else tangible. He speaks without a manuscript or a typescript before him. He speaks without a scribbled note before him. He trusts wholly, it seems, to his memory and to a daring and extremely quick intelligence. He is interrupted and contradicted. He sits down and you half tremble for him. But the instant the interrupter or contradictor is down the Leader of the Opposition is up and perfectly happy with a sufficient retort.

Mr. Bonar Law, we should say, is the best and cleverest modern debater and Parliamentarian in the House of Commons. He is rather cruel in his personalities. He is not content to get the sword of satire in, but twists it round and round. He twisted it round with a sort of gusto on Thursday. He had out Mr. Asquith's election addresses and illustrated the way the Home Rule business has been shirked there, not once or twice but consistently for a matter of years. We never heard anything of the kind more damaging. The Prime Minister writhed and came twice to the table: the end was each time the same—Mr. Bonar Law came up smiling again, drove in the sword a little deeper and gave it a more savage twist.

Mr. Bonar Law has a rare power of irony that hurts. But it is very noticeable that little or none of this power is carried in his voice. He does not dwell on the deadly thrusts as Mr. Chamberlain dwelt on them. He speaks his ironies in ordinary tones on the whole. He appears in Parliament indeed to be almost without oratorical effect and device; and he has quite a genial smile where one might look for a sardonic one. He appears to many people in the galleries to be quite young and frank, and even a little naïve in his way. People reading his speeches may sometimes wonder whether the severe personal thrusts which mark some of his speeches are necessary. Why be so severe on the Prime Minister personally? These people should hear

the cheers that come from the packed benches behind Mr. Bonar Law, and they should see the eager, laughing, interested faces there. Then they would recognise the use of these drastic sarcasms. They are like strong scent for the hounds in full cry which know they are now getting very near to the fox that is growing flagged.

One amusing sign of the deadliness of Mr. Bonar Law's attack is the way in which almost everyone who counts is rushed into the fighting line by the Government. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill cannot be spared—or cannot spare themselves—for even one day of that forty in which the Government is going to make the Home Rule Bill a smooth success and a working scheme! And we quite admit that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill may retort—"Yes, and see how very deadly we are too—so deadly that you have to put up Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Austen Chamberlain to try to repair the damage we inflict on your side in debate"! Indeed we incline to think the Whips can put up too many big men for a single evening's debate—a surfeit of gigantomachy.

Mr. Churchill: "I confess we cannot help viewing with the strongest feelings of reprehension the proceedings in which certain honourable members have indulged in Ulster during the recent recess".

Sir E. Carson: "We do not care twopence whether you do or not. You will say the opposite to-morrow".

Mr. Churchill (severely): "The right hon. gentleman forces me to remind him that he was a member of the National Liberal Club".

This looks oddly like a reproach to Sir Edward Carson for belonging to such a place as the National Liberal Club.

The hospitalities of Gaddesby Hall, thanks to the communicative Mr. Hemmerde M.P., are growing almost as famous as those of Do-The-Boys Hall; and on Thursday they even came up for notice in the House of Commons—just before the guillotine motion came up. Baron de Forest M.P. and his friends have the most absolute right to entertain themselves as they think fit at Gaddesby Hall. They would have a right, save for the Wild Birds Preservation Acts, to live even on nightingales' tongues. We do not see why the cuisine of a Radical should be pryed into by the public and the Press any more than his bank book. A Radical may dine: even seagreen may dine; tallowgreen may dine. Robespierre dined, and it is said that Carnot, one warm evening, groping in his coat pocket, found therein a list of the proscribed, Carnot's own name among them—"and tarried not at the wine cup that day". We wonder, has any list of the proscribed single-taxers yet been made out?

But it is one thing for a Radical to dine and enjoy week-end parties, and another for him to hold up to odium the "idle rich" Tories who do these things. After Mr. Hemmerde's communication about Gaddesby Hall and the happy time he has had there with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the land reformers, the less Radicals talk on platforms and write in the Press about the Tory rich and the Tory triflers the better. The Tories are supposed to have, and the Socialists are known to want, "half the good things that make life worth living", as Mr. Snowden has put it. But there is good reason to suppose that the Radicals, too, in many instances not only want these good things but have and enjoy them.

It seems that members of Parliament are not to pay income tax on £100 of their salaries. This remission of tax has been made by the Government "after receiving representations from certain members". Mr. Lloyd George refused to give any names; so we are quite unable to estimate the weight of these "representations". The £100 for which allowance is made is supposed to go in travelling expenses; and for simplicity's sake the member who lives in London is supposed to incur the same travelling expenses as the member who comes from Ireland or Orkney. Why should not the members who care to do so claim exemp-

tion for actually incurred expenses like others employed in the public service? Assuredly we are getting on with the new style. Already, after representations, members had been afflicted with £400 a year. Now, after representation, £100 of this is exempted from taxation. Doubtless there will be more representation before very long. There is the question of overtime, and of extra sessions; and there is always the question of a rise.

May we really believe that Mr. Lloyd George, watching "Little Miss Llewelyn" of Carmarthen, was taken back to the years of his home-keeping in Llanystumdwy? If this be true, it shows how a very sophisticated politician can be a very unsophisticated playgoer. The Welsh local colour in "Little Miss Llewelyn" did not take in even the critics. Little Miss Llewelyn was born in Belgium; and, though at the Vaudeville Theatre she quite prettily pretends to be Welsh, that is only her fun. Her friends and relatives humour her fancy, every now and then filling up a gap in their conversation with "Whatever"—the only Welsh word they know. Apparently, for Mr. Lloyd George, the word is magical. For him it has turned a very French play into an idyll of Carmarthen. But we are very doubtful about this extremely curious aberration of the homing instinct in Mr. George. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been misreported.

Mr. Runciman's conduct of the regulations for foot-and-mouth disease is obviously politics, though perhaps it is not now strictly party politics. It is true that Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson are united against restriction; but it is also true that all the Irish experts are united against all the English experts, and that Mr. John Redmond is using his political advantages *ventre à terra*. Mr. Redmond did not trouble to go into the merits of the question on Thursday; he merely threatened Mr. Runciman with possible consequences if he were contumacious. "It had come to the point", said Mr. Redmond, "where there seemed to be facing them a horrible calamity *which might affect questions of a different character*." The Nationalists have all through treated this question as politics. Mr. Runciman should have been left free from pressure of any kind. But the Nationalist agitation has driven English stock breeders to agitation in self-defence.

Late in September Mr. Runciman promised Sir Luke White that no modification would be made of the orders necessary for absolute safety. But Mr. Redmond was pressing hard; and Parliament had soon to be met. Mr. Runciman yielded, with elaborate devices to secure him against the critics. His relaxation of the orders was dated to take effect on 7 October—when Parliament met. His conduct is the more alarming the closer we look into it. The original order ran that store cattle would be allowed to come in on 7 October "provided that no further outbreak of disease in Ireland occurs". But two cases have occurred since the order was made. Mr. Runciman does not withdraw the order; he explains away the disease. Meantime the Irish Nationalists are asking for further liberties. No wonder English stock breeders are uneasy.

Mr. Leslie Scott, who is an expert lawyer in shipping, made out a very good case on behalf of the shipowners against the new rules of the Board of Trade. Lord Mersey's report on the "Titanic" concentrated attention on the loss connected with deficiency of boats. Founding upon this, the Board of Trade has even gone beyond Lord Mersey's recommendation as to the measures that should be taken for lifeboat accommodation. The Board's rules when applied to some classes of vessels would either make them more unstable and of less floating power, or they would put them out of service altogether, though they are seaworthy enough at present, as is shown by the very small loss of life in the merchant service.

Mr. Holt, a hardheaded Northumbrian, drew the proper inference from Lord Mersey's report. Rules founded on the loss of the "Titanic" would have forbidden excessive speeds in dangerous circumstances. If the "Titanic" had struck in rough weather, no amount of boats would have saved all the passengers. Mr. Holt rightly says that the newspapers have made a fetish of the boat question, and that it is purely a newspaper policy. Mr. Buxton has taken care not to run himself against a newspaper outcry, which overlooks the fact that comparatively few ships meet icebergs to smash up their floating power at a stroke. In general they are able to rely for safety on improved principles of construction and good navigation. Thus Mr. Holt can say that his firm has carried hundreds of thousands of Asiatics on terms that would not have paid for superfluous boats, and for forty-four years it has not lost one life at sea.

Mr. Samuel moved yesterday that a Select Committee be appointed to investigate the terms of the contract arranged between the Government and the Marconi Company. The Government has decided to act of its own motion. Inquiry is certainly necessary to deal with the allegations that have been made as to the contract. The very favourable terms of the contract when awaiting the sanction of Parliament cannot be denied. The Government has admitted it. It is also true that certain members of the Government are closely connected with those who have the financing of the company. It is not surprising that suspicions have arisen and passed from the City to the Press or from the Press to the City. Apparently nothing sufficiently definite for a libel action has been charged against any member of the Government. But Mr. Lloyd George yesterday was at white heat, and it is obviously impossible for the Government to avoid defending its integrity by the best means at hand.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's quite admirable speech at Cardiff on Welsh Disestablishment is like to attract less general attention than it should. The public cannot attend to more than one thing at a time (reckoned usually a virtue, but often a weakness), and is now thinking of the Balkan War. The Archbishop was right to emphasise the significance of the anti-Disestablishment petitions from Wales. Petitions do not as a rule count for much, but these Welsh petitions are so numerous signed that it is evident the parliamentary elections do not show so strong a national bias towards Disestablishment as they seem to do. But the Archbishop rightly put the ruin of the parochial system as the great disaster that would follow Disestablishment. Under that system the poorest as the richest inhabitant of any parish has a right to all the ministrations of the Church. Without Establishment he would not have that right.

Mrs. Nuttall has well chosen the moment of her revelations as to Francis Drake. Almost it seems as if she had wilfully set out to discredit the travesty of character and history accepted so enthusiastically at His Majesty's Theatre. Her discoveries should a little discountenance Mr. Louis Parker, whose ignorant caricature of the sixteenth-century Spaniard is such a popular feature of the entertainment. Mr. Parker's Spaniard is a very silly and a very ugly villain. His face would betray him, even if his intelligence did not. Visitors to His Majesty's Theatre will blink indeed when they read the evidence of Mrs. Nuttall. Equanimity, courtesy, chivalry, nobility, culture—were the Spaniards actually like that? Serious historians, of course, always knew that the popular view was absurdly wrong. But these discoveries emphasise the truth of history. The Spanish side of the Drake episodes comes out greatly to the credit of Spain.

Drake, too, is better in the new light. He is less the pirate and adventurer; more the founder of English colonial policy. His voyage round the world was really the old project of Sir Richard Grenville—to sail to the River La Plata and discover land fit for



settlements. Drake told Oxenham this was the ruling idea of his enterprise, "because England is so full of people, and there are many who wish to go to other parts of the world". Drake, now beyond all doubt, sailed with the Queen's licence. He even had on board a bronze cannon on which were engraved the arms which the Queen had given him for the voyage—"a world crossed with the North Star". All witnesses, friends and foes, speak well of Drake. They are impressed with his courage, generosity, sincere religion and courtesy. These documents lift Drake, his enterprises and his enemies equally to a higher level.

"I have spent my life in opening libraries" began Lord Rosebery at Peebles. Obviously it is his work; and he must not yet suffer himself to weary. We should be glad of his speech at Peebles—"chatter" he called it—if only for the brave opinion that Richardson was beyond him, and the suggestion that the hundred best books are a joke bequeathed to us by Lord Acton. We do not so well like his distinction between books as literature and books as recreation. The recreation for a humane person is literature; and the more he needs recreation the better must be the literature to amuse him. And surely Lord Rosebery was flying like Icarus, for a fall, in discoursing upon the effects of mountains and valleys upon those who live there. Sentiment flows easily upon such a theme.

Lord Rosebery's discourse of books and character, levelled at young people, was perhaps too full of the wisdom which young people invariably reject. Talk about books as the foundation of right opinions is with difficulty kept from being sententious. Lord Morley was speaking on the subject the other day at Blackburn. Lord Rosebery would seem to agree with him that the ideal state is a democracy of citizens who read books. Both Lord Rosebery and Lord Morley have read enough to be firmly sure that democracy has no divine right. It is on trial, and will be judged hereafter by its fruits. Its success will depend on "right opinions"; and right opinions are only possible in a "full" man.

Professor Skeat was one of the best specimens of a Cambridge Don. His learning was most profound, whatever some captious critics may say about it. He knew every branch of his subject, and was always ready to impart his information to others, which he did in so pleasant a manner, without assumption of superiority, that the answer freely given had a charm of its own. His output of work was enormous, and could only have been accomplished by complete self-devotion. His keen face, with its yellow and gradually whitening beard, has been a familiar and well-beloved object in Cambridge streets and roads for more than thirty years.

Whether he founded a school or not, he certainly created the study of the English language at Cambridge, and his services in this respect will never be forgotten. His lectures were attended with enthusiasm by successive generations of undergraduates. He never suffered the pedantry which is so often connected with the minute study of linguistic forms to obscure the feeling that he was teaching literature. We need not compare him with Bradshaw and Furnivall, he popularised the study to which all three were devoted in a way which they could not have effected. All Cambridge men, all lovers of English, will hope that his work will be continued by one who will carry it on in the same spirit.

If the Prince of Wales reads the forecasts of his life at Magdalen that have been appearing in the papers, he must be surprised at the immense pains taken to assure the world that he is mortal. "He will dine in the College Hall." "His friends will, of course, not be limited to Magdalen." "In games and sports he will follow the bent of his own preferences and aptitudes." He will be "allowed to take his share in the athletics of the college." "The Prince may perhaps be seen on the river." Poor Prince! Can he not be allowed to be himself without all this offensive stuff preventing him?

## WAR IN THE BALKANS.

THE declaration of war has brought the inevitable crop of sentimental comment—regret for the horrors of war, hope that the disinterested endeavours of the Powers may yet avert a tragic and bloodthirsty climax, and all the rest of it. One can almost hear a snuffle at every full-stop. Abhorrence of war is of course a respectable sentiment, but is it in place here? War is a means to an end—a way out of an impasse otherwise. It is a rough means indeed, and justifiable only as a last resource. But before we can honestly deplore the war in the Balkans, we must ask, is there an alternative? Reading between the lines of the Great Powers' joint note, we find the hint that the sword has been drawn presumptuously, prematurely. Patience, tact, all the dilatory virtues which Ministerial papers are wont to extol when the positive achievements of the British Foreign Office will not stand defence, are being brought to bear upon the urgent and complex issue of Macedonian reform. Why are the little Balkan States so impatient?

Well, if ever an indictment could be laid against Europe it is in this very matter of Macedonia. Look at the mistakes that have been made. In the days when Unionists were in power and Britain had a Near Eastern policy, something had been done. The first step towards impartial administration had been taken by the establishment of a gendarmerie under European officers. Sir Edward Grey, thrown off his balance by the vision of a Turkish Parliament, took the lead in undoing this work. For the last four years the state of Macedonia has been altogether anarchic, and the blame is Europe's. And now that the situation has become manifestly intolerable, Europe invokes the 23rd article of the Treaty of Berlin. There is a musty smell about it. The Treaty of Berlin was buried four years ago, and the article which is now to be used to exorcise the Balkan menace is the very article which was dead from the beginning. Why, even the Turks lag less pitifully behind the times. Their plan dates from 1880. It is an improvement on the Treaty of Berlin, the result of two years' reflexions on the absurdity of its 23rd article. But this is now 1912. Diplomacy has had its chance for thirty years, and has done nothing. There remains no means save war, and it is both silly and dishonest to regret that appeal should now be made to the one instrument that can do the work.

Ask any Turk why he is in Europe, and he will answer because he is of a ruling race. Ask any Balkan Christian why he would expel the Turk from Europe, and he will say because the Turk is unfit to rule. The sword will now decide the issue, and it is a tribunal which both Turk and Slav respect. While we await the verdict, let us clear our minds of two prejudices. The first is in favour of the Turks. We grant that the Ministry now in power, or at least in office, at Constantinople is the most honest and the best intentioned that Turkey has known for over thirty years. For the sake of argument we would even admit that, given time, it might produce a possible scheme of Macedonian reform. But time is the one thing which it will not be given, and for which it has no right to ask. Death-bed repentance comes too late, and Ghazi Mukhtar and Kiamil must now pay the penalty for long years of neglect and misconduct. No one who considers the recent history of Macedonia can deny that the Balkan League has received ample provocation. No one who considers the record of the Balkan States themselves—of Greece and Serbia which have done badly, no less than of Bulgaria and Montenegro which have done well—can deny the League's title to claim to stand for a better way of administration.

But here the second and more dangerous prejudice must be suppressed. This is a war of Christian against Moslem, and there are many who would have Europe support the Christian. But the case against the Turk is not that he is a Moslem but that he cannot govern. More especially is it the business of Britain as the chief Mohammedan Power to maintain this position. If the Turk can govern, let him govern; if not, let



him go. That must be our answer to the able Moslems of India who take the view that Britain, which is their country and holds their loyalty, should support the Turk. We cannot be expected from goodwill towards Islam to uphold a system which is one ugly negative of all the principles which have endeared the British Raj to the Moslems of India. We need feel no shame in putting this position before the Mohammedan intellectuals. With the fanatics there can be no argument. But the word Macedonia will not provoke an outbreak in India or Egypt. The Mohammedan masses will be loyal if the men on the spot have earned their loyalty. Why has there been no trouble in Egypt these past twelve months? Not because the Arabs respect Sir Edward Grey, of whom they have never heard, or his policy, which does not exist, but because they honour Lord Kitchener. In that fact lies the answer to those who urge that Britain must do this or that because she is a Mohammedan Power. She is a Mohammedan Power by virtue of certain of her qualities, and not because of a special attitude towards Turkey.

We hold then that Britain is free to deal with this situation as her needs dictate. It certainly requires careful thought. Everything has gone according to programme so far. Montenegro struck first because she was ready first and because it was desirable for the Balkan League to know what assistance might be got from Albanian tribes. The point was of importance both on military and on political grounds. Albania has been in more or less avowed revolt for over a year. Would it now join with Turkey's enemies? It now appears that Albania will play the part of the maltreated wife who turns on the avenging assailant of her husband. The other Balkan States are amusing themselves, meanwhile, with the Powers' note, waiting for the new Greek torpedo boats to get their ammunition at an American port. Greece may be counted on to weaken the League by land, but she can at least make a bid for the command of the sea. She has one good ship. For the time being, then, Europe must wait the development of events. It is impossible to elaborate a policy until something has happened in Thrace.

Austria, however, is least able to be patient. It is not an accident that the main Montenegrin army is operating in the South, well away from the Sanjak of Novi-bazar, and that repeated hints should have been given of Serbia's intention to keep in touch so far as may be with the main Bulgarian force. For a Serb-Montenegrin coalition would close the Sanjak and free Austria's hand. King Ferdinand, who has handled the diplomatic situation with exceptional skill, is evidently determined to give Count Berchtold every excuse for doing nothing. But a glance at the map shows how flimsy such an excuse must be. Any Austrian is bound to wish that things were as they were in 1908 with Austrian troops holding the funnel. Suppose, as suppose we must, that reoccupation becomes inevitable, what will be the Russian countermove? The question is of vital interest to ourselves, for Russia would probably countenance an Austrian advance in return for concessions as to the Dardanelles. We have no wish to meet trouble half-way, but we must make it clear that in this matter our needs, and consequently our policy, have not changed since 1878. It would be fatal for us to make the thwarting of German policy our only aim, and in pursuit of it to establish Russia on the Bosphorus. Our interests demand that we should be able to offer Austria support in refusing Russian claims to compensation; and it is our great misfortune that Sir Edward Grey's Bosnian maladroitness has made Vienna contemptuous both of British friendship and of British hostility.

#### CLOSURE AND FACTS.

MR. ASQUITH'S closure resolution on the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill takes us further in the sorry farce, if not to its end, by which the House of Commons is being made the laughing-stock of the country. (There was a time when a more or less free Parliament could concentrate

the attention of the nation on its debates and give to the readers of its proceedings something really worth attending to. That state of affairs has vanished; and no set of individuals has done more to destroy it than the present holders of power, whose mouths are full of respect for the Commons when the Upper House desires to appeal to the country against the Cabinet, and whose deeds show the utter contempt in which they hold all government by discussion. Mr. Asquith, after ranging over eighty years of political history, was able to find three instances in which too brief consideration has been given to important Bills. He has been good at the task of selection ever since on a celebrated occasion he took a year "at random" in the fiscal controversy. Mr. Gladstone gave his Bill in 1893 eighty-five days of parliamentary time. Mr. Asquith gives his fifty-three similar days. Mr. Asquith's Bill is of greater length and weight than was Mr. Gladstone's Bill, but it obtains five days of discussion to every eight given to its predecessor. Seven clauses, at any rate, of the Bill of 1893 were fully discussed; the Prime Minister prides himself on the fact that Clause 1 was actually dealt with in Committee before the gag was applied. So much for the respect paid to the rights of the Commons by a Cabinet which has emasculated the powers of the Upper House in order to evade the control of the people. It must, however, be granted to the Prime Minister that he showed a singular and cynical frankness in avowing his opinion of the importance of parliamentary discussion. Bills, he said, fell into two categories—those in which the principle was agreed to by both parties, and Bills in which the attitude of the Opposition was one of unqualified resistance to the whole measure. With singular maladroitness he chose the debates on the Insurance Act as an instance of the first kind of Bill. Considering that the whole country is up in arms over the grossly inadequate discussion afforded that measure, the Prime Minister might have picked out a more fortunate instance of a Bill which ought to be given full time in the Committee stage. The Insurance Act was one of those fortunate schemes which ought to get its full share of Committee discussion! The Home Rule Bill fell into the second category—Bills which ought to be rushed through unaltered and without adequate discussion because the Opposition disapproved of them in principle. So the Government are to have it both ways. If a Bill has the support of both sides, obviously there is no opposition. If a Bill is opposed, discussion is to be silenced and the Bill passed under guillotine.

In the future it need only be known that an Opposition has voted against the second reading of a Bill in order to justify the Government in passing it through its committee stage in twenty-four hours. What is the difference between twenty-four hours and twenty-four or forty-five days if the Minister says that he will accept no amendments and that the only object of the debate on the Opposition side is to make the Bill worse? None whatever. But from the point of view put forward by Mr. Bonar Law there is all the difference in the world. The leader of the Opposition reminded the Prime Minister that there still exists a British people, even when you have trampled their Constitution in the dirt and put their right to appeal into pawn with the Irish. The people of this country do not return their representatives to the House of Commons at £400 a year in order that they should be marched with military precision and rapidity through the lobbies to register without discussion any decrees that the Cabinet or its Coalition masters may decide on. The people at least have a right to know by the medium of argument across the floor of the House why or why not such a clause should be accepted or rejected, or why a particular burden should be imposed on their shoulders. But our Ministers have at present only one concern for the people, and that is to avoid meeting them at the polls. The palliatives of the kangaroo closure should take no one in. The Chairman of Committee is not the Speaker—he is a party hack. The amendments selected are those which suit the convenience of the Government; the amendments omitted are probably those which

might embarrass it. The Prime Minister has one merit—he is to-day both consistent and frank. He is consistent in that after maltreating the Crown and the Constitution he has not scrupled to apply the same treatment to the House of Commons: he is frank in that he avowed that his object in doing so was to clear the way for rushing through the remaining commitments of this Government. But for all these things there waits a retribution which will be the more complete the longer it is delayed.

The Opposition can possess itself in patience and stick to realities. And the reality here is the appeal to the confidence of the people. That confidence will only be given to a party which knows its own mind and does not hesitate to express that mind whenever the time for the appeal comes. Ministers may be trusted to compass their own downfall, and to fall into one or other of the pits they have dugged for themselves. But if the Opposition is to return to power and not merely to office, it must show by its conduct a complete contrast to its predecessors. It must be an honest Government returned to power as the result of advocating its full programme, without any regard to temporary or local expediency. The party when it changed its leadership indicated that it had had enough of finessing and of sudden departures in policy on the verge of general elections. It has found in Mr. Bonar Law the right leader for the work before it. Nothing in this arduous session, and in the still more arduous struggle which must follow, matters so much as the continuous exposition in the House and in the country of a consistent and constructive alternative programme. To attain office on any other grounds is to build upon the sand. The country must believe in what the Unionists want to do, and not only disbelieve in what the Government have done or are attempting to do. If the Opposition consider that the unmitigated use of the closure is destroying the House of Commons, they must promise to reform the procedure of that body on their return to power—they must not be content to denounce in opposition methods which they do not pledge themselves not to use in office. Tariff Reform, a Constitution restored by repeal of the Parliament Bill and renewal of the Upper Chamber, a well-considered body of social reforms are and must be the main planks of the Unionist programme; but let us not deceive ourselves with the belief that we can long hold power on the strength of Liberal failures rather than on the merits of our own policy. Any path to office by some short cut which does not imply a resolute adherence to all the principles of the Unionist party will land us only in a mire.

#### OPERA COMIQUE FOR LONDON.

**W**ATER has flowed under many bridges, heads have grown grey and hearts weary, since this Review suggested that the island site off the Strand might be acquired for a national opera-house. But cliques were at war within our borders and the country went to war with foes without; money could not be obtained for so humble a purpose as opera; and nothing "eventuated", as we may say quite appropriately. Appropriately, because an American gentleman came and secured if not the island site, the nearest to it; and there he did a lordly pleasure-dome decree. It was known as the London Opera House; and in spite of a curious wobbling in the prices, so that one never knew whether a guinea or half-a-guinea would be asked for a stall, it seemed to prosper. Its history was followed closely enough in this Review, and it will be remembered that the proprietor, Mr. Hammerstein, ultimately declared his unwillingness to fight longer with fortune in this uncongenial clime. He had said he would fight; then he said he wouldn't; in a terrific speech he again said he had come to conquer us and never would give in; and last of all, having regained what we suppose may be termed his native soil, he proudly renounced all intention of coming back either to take or to give whippings.

So a sumptuously appointed opera-house stands

empty and in imminent danger of being turned into a picture-palace. A rescue-party, however, has been organised, and there seems a likelihood that something may be saved. The list of names of the rescuers does not suggest that somebody should be saved. The first proposal we heard of distinctly hinted at this, and we believed the somebody to be Mr. Hammerstein. However, that idea went down the winds and now this later band of valiant heroes proposes to secure the building. The list is anything but inspiring. Sir Frederick Bridge is an organist, and not a distinguished one; Mr. Percy C. Buck is also an organist; Sir Frederic Cowen is whatever he may happen to be at the moment—drawing-room ballad writer, conductor, composer of unsuccessful operas or tedious operas; Mr. Ben Davies, as is well known, warbles; Mr. Edward German conducts light opera and writes lighter ones; Sir A. C. Mackenzie is proposed as chairman of the rescue-band; Mr. Niecks is forgotten, and Sir Walter Parratt is nobody; Mr. Landon Ronald would be useful, and the rest of the party need not be mentioned. All, however, are united in one great purpose: that, as English opera and an English opera-house must be saved, someone else ought to find the money.

Strongly as we are in favour of acquiring Mr. Hammerstein's house—if only for the sake of removing Mr. Hammerstein's bust from its exterior—we are bound to say that this list of names is in the highest degree suspicious. Not one of these gentlemen has had more than the most casual acquaintance with the working of an opera-house; most of them have had none whatever. Not one has written a successful opera; not one has had more than his smallest finger in the production of an opera, successful or unsuccessful. We doubt whether one except Mr. Ronald could tell a tenor how to walk down the stage or form up the groups in the final scene of, say, "Figaro". Whether these gentlemen mean to run the opera-house themselves we cannot say; but it will be too late to consider this should the money be subscribed.

Money is asked for to buy the opera-house and to form a fund for the purpose of working it in the regular way of business. The proprietor of the house, Mr. Hammerstein, "has publicly stated", we are told, "that he is prepared to entertain propositions for its acquisition and future administration". We dare say he is; but anyone who knows the inner history of the house will agree with us that the less Mr. Hammerstein has to do with the administration the better. A sufficient sum is needed, we learn from Thursday's "Times", to buy the building, recoup Mr. Hammerstein's losses of his recent disastrous season, and to ensure that the new enterprise can be run, even at a loss, for a period of at least five years. The committee which has been formed, or rather has constituted itself, quite rightly argue that in the matter of opera supply must precede demand: they believe that if opera were established, in a comparatively short time the paying public would adopt the habit of attending opera. This is plausible enough, but at the outset we must face and answer the questions we have raised: Who is to decide what kind of opera the public wants, who to see that it is rightly given? In so far as the list of names already given is an answer to those questions, it is an eminently unsatisfactory one; and a first requisite, if the scheme is to take shape and form at all, is a much more formidable committee. A scheme worked by composers who have failed in opera and musicians without training or experience is pre-doomed to an ignominious collapse. In the next place a strong committee is not likely to be got together until further questions are answered. How much cash is wanted to buy the house and restore Mr. Hammerstein's fortunes, and how much is it estimated will be required to keep the house open for five years? Before the public is informed as to these things, say the committee, the matter must be further developed and thrashed out. Our own conviction is that we shall get no further until estimates, however rough and preparatory, are submitted to the wealthy lovers of music whose assistance is invoked. Wealthy people are not addicted to buying pigs in pokes.



Before proceeding to further criticism let us say emphatically that we are all in favour of a practical scheme to save Mr. Hammerstein's fine house from being turned into a picture-palace and to preserve it as a truly national opera-house, an opera not for Londoners only but the whole nation. The one thing would be a scandal to the whole nation, the other an added glory. Therefore we are glad to be able to suggest a way out from an inevitable deadlock. Amongst our readers must be many wealthy men and women who would support an opera scheme with the only kind of support that is of any use—money—if only they knew more about the project. We suggest to them that they might send in to Mr. Whelan, the secretary of the present committee, conditional promises. If then their names were added to the present committee, they could at once make their gentle influence felt. A clear, definite plan could be laid before the whole country, and support would be forthcoming from all quarters. We cannot think that conjectures regarding possible pecuniary profits in the future, whether far or near, will be of much effect. Music, after all, is thin air, and hopes of gain based on thin air are apt to turn out as lacking in solidity. Mr. Beecham and Mr. Manners, two men who have done—done, not talked—for opera, are of opinion that opera is unlikely to prove a profitable business in London. The most that can be hoped is that if the County Council makes concessions and aid is procured from the State, the concern can be made to pay its way. If it does that, it will do more than the picture-galleries and museums of London can do.

One part of the project, as at present outlined, is appalling. For one reason or another it is proposed that a plainly profit-earning concern, the Grand Opera Syndicate, should not be opposed during its season. The first work to be accomplished before any opera can be permanently established is the scotching if not the killing of Covent Garden. Covent Garden, in our opinion, has been, more than anything else, the hindrance to the establishment of a permanent opera. To leave Covent Garden all the fine works during its harvest time, and to fob off cheap-jack opéra comique on the great public during the best season of the year for travelling and staying out late in our muddy metropolis—this would be to court and to ensure disaster. Wealthy patrons of opera must make it clear that if their wealth is put down for opera, opera and not opéra comique is meant.

#### THE PROBABLE COURSE OF THE WAR.

By COLONEL F. N. MAUDE C.B. R.E.

WHEN in 1878 the advance guard of the Russian Army, jubilant and in full march on Constantinople, topped the ridge which so far had hid from them the view over the Sea of Marmora, they saw far below them sundry little black dots creeping slowly across its surface and heading obviously towards the same goal.

A German officer, an old friend of mine, has often described the scene which followed. In one moment the spirit of the whole column changed as in a flash. The whole secret of sea-power was revealed even to the humblest moujik in the ranks. Constantinople was the prize of the Power who commanded the sea routes, and not all the hordes of landsmen still available in their mother country could suffice to wrest it from her. Of course, this knowledge lay at the back of Lord Beaconsfield's "Peace with Honour" negotiations.

Turkey at that moment, even with such land forces as we were prepared to contribute—some seventy-two thousand men—was at the time in a far worse position relatively to Russia and her Allies than at the present moment she is with regard to the Balkan States and Greece. Hence if sea-power saved her then, it is a safe foundation upon which to build up a scheme of defence to-day, for within the Dardanelles and the Black Sea she holds that power absolutely, whatever may happen when the Greek fleet makes its efforts outside.

The power of an army on land is always some function of the product of its numbers multiplied by the velocity with which these numbers can be moved. Estimates of the fighting value of the several forces now facing one another, based on counting guns, sabres or rifles alone, are therefore always illusory, except under the conditions which prevail in Western Europe, where roads, railways, and means of communicating intelligence are nearly equal on both sides. They might have been a fair guide if the decisive struggle of the war were to be fought out at about equal distances from the intermediate bases of both sides, but in this instance there is no reason why the Turks should elect what for them must prove the most disadvantageous conditions, and, seeing how widely this whole subject was discussed between British and Turkish officers after San Stefano, it is exceedingly improbable that they will not recognise where their real advantage now lies.

In all previous wars the real problem for the Turks has lain in the difficulty of bringing into the fighting line her resources in men and material from the centre of gravity of her Asiatic Empire. It was a matter of months to raise and equip troops on the eastern outskirts of their possessions, and thousands died or deserted on the march. Moreover, the threat of action of the Russians from the Caucasus paralysed much of her best fighting material, but, apart from her new railways tapping the southern slopes of the Asiatic mountains, steam transport by water has almost eliminated all these disadvantages. From Trebizond to Constantinople is about 560 miles, or two days for a tramp steamer, and these exist in sufficient numbers within the Black Sea to meet the needs of the case. If in the past she has never been able to keep more than 250,000 fighting men on her European frontier, she could treble that number nowadays for equal exertions and bring them into action with a celerity never yet contemplated.

Let us assume now that at the outset matters take the gravest course along her European frontier, that the Allies complete their mobilisation and concentration with the punctuality and thoroughness of the Germans, and sweeping forward concentrically drive the Turks out of Macedonia before them towards Salonica; further, that the Greek fleet proves sufficiently formidable to hamper transport in the Ægean Sea—extreme assumptions it must be allowed. The Turks fall back before them as best they can, part towards Salonica, part from Adrianople to Constantinople, massacring the Christians as they go and incidentally destroying all title-deeds. Constantinople now becomes what Lisbon was a century ago, and the Allies will be brought to a stand before the lines of Buyuk Tchekmedge, as Masséna was held by the lines of Torres Vedras—the parallel is almost absolute.

If Wellington did not hesitate to drive the whole of Southern Portugal to make a waste before the French, we may be certain the Turks will not be hampered by the moral responsibility involved in this act of destruction either. Now, suppose at this, or at any earlier moment, the Turks disembark a new army of, say, 250,000 men at Varna, and advance to Shumla, where they create a new Plevna. They need do nothing more, for just as Plevna inhibited all Russian action until it fell, Shumla—a position in every way more favourable, since with such a garrison it cannot be invested, and being only fifty miles from the coast can be easily reinforced and supplied—will compel the Bulgarians at least to relinquish what advantages they have obtained and march eastward to cover their own territory. I do not insist on Varna or Shumla—there are other places which will answer equally, perhaps better.

I am well aware that these views of mine will seem archaic to those accustomed to contemplate the rapid decisions in the thought of which Western strategists revel, but the point is that the conditions under which this war will be fought out are "archaic"—that is to say, as far as the means of moving troops, and especially of artillery, are concerned.

In these almost roadless districts, with a soil which



becomes a bottomless morass after winter rains, all rapid concentrations are out of the question. Generally, as between highly civilised States, the pressure on both sides to end the war by a single decision is equally great, and the staffs of both armies will strain every nerve to mass the last man, gun and horse for a decisive effort. In this case, however, it is only to the Allies that a speedy settlement is important, for from the day mobilisation is decreed the whole basis of their relatively high civilisation is affected. To the Turks, one hundred miles behind the frontier, war brings little change. Agriculture for the present is at a standstill, and the men may just as well be at the front as elsewhere. The Turks have therefore only to "sit down"—to use their own expression—to compel the Allies to attack them, as at Plevna, and it is a physical impossibility for the Allies to arrange for the presence of an artillery force adequate to cover their attacks.

This is not because the requisite number of guns and horses is wanting, but partly because the difficulties of feeding the horses during the next six months will be excessive, and mainly because the higher artillery staffs are altogether lacking in the experience of handling the large masses of guns tactically that under the peculiar conditions will be necessary.

There may not be, there probably is not, much difference between the actual discipline and skill at arms of the opposing infantries once they reach the fighting line—no wise commander would venture to count on such an uncertain factor, and it is for this very reason that so much will have to be demanded of the artillery—but the Turkish defender will bring his guns into action with all deliberation, whereas his opponents will finally have to manoeuvre over unknown ground and under fire. Our Territorial batteries to-day might suffice for the former task, the best field batteries in France are no more than good enough for the latter.

As the Allies gather round Shumla—or wherever the new Plevna may happen to be—automatically the pressure on other portions of the Turkish frontier will be relaxed and circumstances will decide at which particular point the Turks will bring their numerical preponderance to bear. If the Greek fleet fails, as it probably will, a fresh army of 250,000 men will soon re-establish matters in Macedonia; if not, an advance from Burgas, south of the Balkans, would produce good results.

All this, however, must remain for the moment pure speculation. The only points which it is essential for us to retain at this stage are that, thanks to this undisputed control of the Black Sea, all calculations based on the numerical relation of the opposing forces are entirely upset, and the position becomes a precise parallel to that of the British Army in Portugal just a century ago.

Whether the financial endurance of the Turks will prove equal to the task is a question with which I am not competent to deal, but if the borrowing power of Turkey depends in any way on her maintaining the ultimate integrity of her territory, she ought to have no trouble in raising all the money she may require—always provided that the Great Powers hold the ring fairly.

#### OUR CAVALRY.\*

By GREY SCOUT.

THOSE who know the founder and leader of "Rimington's Guides", or "Tigers" (as some disrespectfully called them), will be amused to learn that he has turned author, and further that he has actually had the audacity to write a book on cavalry. True, he is a cavalryman to the very marrow, but in these days it requires no little courage to touch on a subject which has been already so admirably and exhaustively dealt with by our acknowledged experts. We allude, of course, to Mr. Erskine Childers and others of his type,

who have been fortunate enough to secure the recommendation of Lord Roberts, and the obviously more important approval of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is true that Rimington apologises for his temerity, and admits that he has not had the advantages of our amateur soldiers; such as "a Whitsun-week holiday in some suburban training ground".

His only claim, therefore, to pose as an author on cavalry is based on his having served about a quarter of a century in the Inniskilling Dragoons, and having been a hard-bitten and hard-riding horseman for a still longer period in peace and in war. Further, he commanded a column of all arms in the Boer War and, unlike our "cautious Charlies" and men of like kidney, during that time he delivered many a shrewd and deadly blow at his cunning foes. It is a significant fact that, much as the enemy hated him and his ways, they never once attempted to "ride in" at him. And thereby they showed their remarkable acumen, for they knew well he was a man whose earnest hope it was that they would give him the chance he prayed for—to show them the uses of a cavalry sabre properly applied.

That the book is written in a somewhat informal manner is much to its advantage, for it is easy to see that every page and every line is the concentrated outcome of the author's deep-seated belief, a belief begot of considerable experience both of training and of leading men in peace and in war, combined with a desperately earnest struggle with every book on cavalry training that he could lay hands upon, and a furious study of the achievements of cavalry leaders from Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell to Murat, Lasalle and Curly. After enunciating the nine fixed principles which have guided these and all the other great horse-soldiers of the past, he proceeds to discuss them in turn. He frankly admits that the ideal for the true cavalryman "ever to be kept in front" is "The Charge", in other words, he believes in the "true cavalry spirit" which it has become fashionable of late years for civilian scribblers, and alas! some soldiers also, to affect to sneer at. Having made this confession he boldly grapples with the subject of the terrible power of modern fire-arms. For, unpleasant as is magazine-rifle fire, he points out how the adoption in recent years of quick-firing Horse Artillery guns has made the problem of an advance of cavalry under fire almost appalling. For these guns now fire a shell containing 236 bullets, and since a battery can fire ten rounds per gun per minute, five minutes' fire from the six guns will thus sweep the ground with 70,800 bullets. It would take no fewer than 1770 men with rifles, firing eight aimed shots a minute, to deliver the same number of bullets. A fairly alarming prospect, it will be admitted, yet Rimington exhorts the alarmists of the de Bloch type to cheer up. "Let them be reassured", he says, for "at all costs we will kill, capture, or put to flight our enemies". Those who wish to know how he reconciles the handling of cavalry under such theoretically impossible difficulties must read this book.

He wastes not a page in combating recent attacks on the arme blanche, and contents himself with the remark that "in the well-delivered charge weapons may be ignored, the horse's weight and momentum is the weapon". But he lightly passes in review the various heresies which from time to time find enthusiastic supporters. Those who advocate rifle or pistol fire in a charge are reminded that "for 2000 years ballistics from a horse have repeatedly been advocated in peace and have as often proved to be an absolute failure in war". Many will recall how, after the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman, an intelligent young war correspondent, who has since conducted military operations in Sidney Street, and is now engaged in putting our Navy into proper trim, discovered that the day of "old ironmongery" was past and that the revolver was the only weapon for use on horseback. Rimington dismisses the subject of fire-arms with scant ceremony, "amateurs who recommend them ignore the fact that a bullet once fired off in a mêlée may hit friend or foe". He advocates a long, straight sword and the "point", and derides the old belief that some nations

\* "Our Cavalry." By Major-General M. F. Rimington. London: Macmillan. 1912. 5s. net.

"always will 'cut'". "It has been conclusively proved that a recruit who has only been allowed to point with a sword can hardly be induced to cut." The ineffectiveness of our "cutting" is notorious. In the Peninsula the French cavalry, when they got a "point" in, rarely failed to wound mortally our men, as can be seen from the casualty rolls. True, our men inflicted "ghastly" wounds, but usually not deadly ones upon the French. Rimington advises all who believe in "cutting" to try the effect upon "a leg of mutton covered with a sack and a leather strap or two" and examine the results. He acknowledges the terrifying effect of the lance in a well-directed charge and its value in pursuit, whilst realising its defects in the *mêlée*. But, although a profound believer in the importance of cavalry always having a personal weapon when mounted, he is no fanatic against dismounted action when circumstances demand it, and says, with the exultation begot of years of hard training, that he is "convinced that our British cavalry is ten, if not fifteen years, ahead of any Continental cavalry in rifle shooting, fire discipline, and the knowledge of when and how to resort to fire-tactics". In those words "when" and "how" lie the whole secret of modern cavalry action. Rimington justly ridicules Lord Dundonald's "Cavalry Training in Canada" and Sir E. Hutton's "Mounted Service Manual in Australia", for they alike advocate "getting off and shooting" when attacked by cavalry, and one of them gives a diagram of a sort of square formation with the horses inside, which draws the almost fiendish comment from Rimington: "What a splendid target for Horse Artillery and machine-gun fire preparatory to the cavalry attack!"

Of course, Rimington views horse artillery and cavalry as forming one arm, and so far from deploring the paralysing effect of the possible 70,800 bullets shot into his squadrons in five minutes, he gloats over the increased opportunities for offence this will give his own horse artillery. Further, he is convinced that horse-artillery and machine guns, combined with accurate rifles and good shooting, will add enormously to the defensive powers of cavalry, and that in consequence the rôle of cavalry in the future, so far from being restricted, as has been so freely asserted, will be vastly extended. Bernhardt and all the best cavalry officers on the Continent hold the same views. He is profoundly convinced that "trained cavalry which have a good personal weapon (sword or lance) and good support from horse artillery will push back any improvised or worse-armed cavalry over open ground, and that"—here comes the point—"the moral ascendancy thus established will render the enemy's defeat in rough ground an easy task".

His views on the value of our Colonials are of peculiar value, for he has had exceptional personal contact with them among his "Tigers" and also as a column commander. He sums up: "Our Regular soldiers need to be more like Colonials and our Colonials to be more like Regular soldiers", and he gives admirable reasons for his epigram, which all who understand war will appreciate. As regards our Yeomanry, whilst declaring that their patriotism, alike with that of the Colonials, is "a great national asset", he tells the blunt truth that the task of training amateur cavalrymen is an almost impossible one, and adds: "Ten times more does this apply to the officer; purely amateur officers are poison (the virus being in direct proportion to their rank), and entirely out of place in war. To imagine that it is patriotism to wait till war begins, and then aspire to lead others, is an idea that should be crushed once for all. It is not patriotism; it is murder". We sincerely trust that Mr. Seely will read this and digest it to the best of his ability. The modern Continental view is that only the most highly trained cavalry soldier is worth the expense of his horse and his horse's food. Two chapters are devoted to the training of our cavalry officers, and Rimington gives two little parallel sketches of "the good" and "the bad" squadron leader. These are admirable readings and are commended to officers of all arms, for

in them can be detected the true art of inspiring men with confidence. His ideal leader of horse should combine "cunning, nerve, unflinching resolution and bloody-minded intrepidity". Some of his methods are rough and ready. On the principle that "the punishment should fit the crime", he advocates "firing a shot across the bows" of an erring patrol. That these are not mere words, I chance to have personal experience. It was on the morning after one of our fights in South Africa that, whilst working my way along the top of a kopje, I sighted a party of horsemen rapidly approaching across the veld below. Thinking for a moment that they might be Boers, I returned to my horse so as to secure my escape, if necessary, and stood watching them, keeping in full view. Next moment they halted, and a horseman, dismounting, sent a bullet past me. This, although unpleasant, was reassuring, for I knew Boers would never play such a game. So I waited, and soon the horsemen came clattering up among the loose rocks, headed by the well-known gaunt form of "Mike" Rimington, "long-legged and with a face like leather", as I heard him once described by a sergeant. Raising his hand in a dramatic salute to his "tiger" adorned hat, he said: "I beg your pardon, sir; I thought that perhaps you were a Boer, and then I thought perhaps it was you, so I just fired a shot to find out—I knew you wouldn't mind".

#### THE CITY.

THE weakness of the stock markets this week was not due to fears of any serious outcome of the political disturbances in the Near East. The City believes that if peace is not immediately restored the war, at the worst, will remain localised and that the dislocation of commerce and finance will be insignificant. The decline in quotations is attributable to realisations by speculators who were alarmed at the weakness of their financial positions. Large speculative accounts had accumulated in such stocks as Rio Tintos, Canadian Pacifics, Peru Corporation Preference, Brazil Railway Common, a few Diamond shares, and to a lesser degree in some of the Oil shares. Paris and Berlin had over-indulged in these stocks, and Paris in particular had been too optimistic in its dealings in Russian industrial shares. London's speculative account was comparatively small. When Continental credit institutions intimated that speculators must reduce their commitments the stocks that were most readily saleable were thrown on the market. London and New York had to bear the brunt of the liquidation. The heavy decline in the speculative favourites depressed all the markets, but the general reaction has not been very pronounced.

Apart from the speculative stocks referred to, there was naturally a slump in Balkan securities, because in the present condition of affairs nobody is inclined to buy Montenegro Five per Cents., Servian Four per Cents., or Greek bonds. Sales of these stocks could only be made at considerable sacrifices, and quotations are almost nominal. Austrian Rentas have been rather weak, but the declines in other Government securities do not call for special comment in the circumstances. Consols have kept relatively firm, although monetary conditions are somewhat unfavourable. Several new Colonial issues are being talked of, but they are not likely to appear until the markets have quite regained their equilibrium.

The principal declines in the Home Railway market have occurred in Metropolitan and Southern stocks owing to speculative realisations, while City and South Londons have been exceptionally strong on indefinite and improbable rumours of amalgamation. Among Colonial rails Canadian Pacifics were depressed by Berlin selling, and Grand Trunks made a sympathetic downward movement in spite of good traffics. Wall Street absorbed a fairly large volume of European offerings of Americans for a time, but then allowed quotations to relapse. Trade conditions, however,



continue excellent, and Milwaukees and Steels have received support from discriminating investors. In the Foreign Railway section Mexicans suffered from traffic considerations and the political outlook, but the dividend announcement at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. was in accordance with general anticipation and had a strengthening effect. United of Havana Ordinary are a little easier despite the increase of the dividend and the highly satisfactory result of the past year's working. The heavy fall in Brazil Common was largely due to Continental sales, to which Brussels especially contributed.

Mining markets have been over-weighted by Continental offerings, the decline in Rio Tintos being the outstanding feature. Rubbers have kept comparatively steady and are in a position to benefit from the fact that they are outside the sphere of Balkan influence. That the shares of Oil companies having interests in the Near East should be unfavourably affected was only natural, but the whole market has been under a cloud owing to liquidation of the leading shares. Movements in the Miscellaneous departments have been irregular. The advance in Brewery stocks has made further progress. A well-planned scheme of reorganisation of Samuel Allsopp and Sons is now before the debenture-holders. A drastic reduction of capital is proposed, but the scheme appears to deal fairly with the rights of the company's creditors, and should be favourably received. Associated Portland Cements are easier because now that the meeting has been held there is nothing immediate to "go for", though the outlook seems very satisfactory. Marconi shares continue the centre of animated discussion, but the quotation keeps fairly firm despite threats of competition. A sudden spurt in National Telephone deferred encourages hope that matters in dispute between the company and the Government have been arranged.

The Stock Exchange is now becoming more cheerful. It is generally hoped that the worst has been passed, and if, as is stated, a fairly large bear account has been formed, prices should make a good recovery before the next settlement, provided that no serious development occurs in the Near East in the meantime.

### "DOORMATS."

By JOHN PALMER.

USUALLY it is a good sign in a comedy when everything ends as it began; for it is almost essential in the comic view of life that all should be the same a hundred years hence. The sentimentalist likes to believe that the comedy really ends at the fall of the curtain; that selfishness, misunderstanding, envy, and spitefulness have played themselves to a happy issue; and that thereafter all is devotion, peace, generosity and affection. At the conclusion of most modern plays we are asked, for the sake of a clean and happy ending, to believe that all the little weaknesses of humanity which have made possible our comedy of errors have miraculously vanished into unimportance. Mrs. Smith, because she is exacting, or suspicious, or a flirt, or a shrew, has nearly put the eternal barrier between herself and Mr. Smith. But all has ended happily, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith at the fall of the curtain affectionately embracing; and, of course, they will never quarrel again. The modern author with a sense for the comic things of life is allowed by the modern crowd to indulge his gift of humour, provided that he does not balk their amiable desire to see everyone made comfortable at the finish. That is why third acts and fourth acts are usually so bad. For in the comedy of life Mr. and Mrs. Smith do not suffer the necessary miracle. They go on quarrelling after the curtain is down. We do not leave them embraced, with a charitable conviction that the trouble is over. The embrace is an episode and not a conclusion; for the comedies of life begin all over again almost as soon as they are ended.

Here, at least, is one very excellent reason for liking the new comedy of Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. Leila and Noel end the comedy of their marital relations as they begin. Leila is selfish, wilful, and dominant. She is, in the modern manner, heartless—that is, she pleases herself so far as she can without inflicting pain upon other people. She avoids inflicting pain upon other people (except when she loses her temper), not because she is really considerate, but because it hurts her. Noel, poor fellow, is very much in love; excessively generous; with brains to perceive his slavery, but without the necessary hardness of temperament to break it. They end as they begin, Noel compassionate and uxorious, Leila contrite but unabashed. We know that they will begin again to-morrow. The position is quite unchanged. We are not in the customary dishonest manner asked to assume that Leila will ever after be the loving and repentant wife of a contented and trustful husband. She will continue, as a poor man's wife, to wear the most expensive frocks that can be bought in London; she will continue to neglect her husband's distaste for the social round; she will never return to S. Ives; and she will continue delicately to refuse the voyage to America. Noel, poor fellow, will continue to spoil himself as a painter that his wife may live and buy where she pleases; every time she wants a divorce he will offer to make things easy for her; he will always be clever enough to know he is a fool, and continue to be one. Mr. Davies does not fumble all up into a loose adieu at the end of his play; and in this respect he has given us genuinely a piece of life.

Mr. Davies is one of the very few dramatic authors upon whom rests the burden of sustaining the tradition of English comedy. He successfully refuses to spoil his comedy with farce, or to introduce into it the dramatic falsehoods required for the actor-manager's stereotyped "strong" situation of the third act. He is comparatively free of these two gross and destructive errors, which spoil so many of the plays, respectively, of Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Sutro. Technically I have but two serious faults to find with Mr. Davies' play. First, Aunt Josephine on doormats is quite unworthy. Mr. Davies has skill enough as a playwright safely to leave his comedies to speak for themselves. He is not under the slightest necessity to go to the modern school of expository authors and fling in a commentary upon his text at the latter end. Apart from the disagreeable cheapness of Aunt Josephine's metaphor, her moralising of the spectacle is completely out of tune with the play. It jars the literary nerves (of which Mr. Davies is usually so tender) as much by the abruptness as by the impertinence of its insertion. The moral, for those who must find it or perish, should be left in the very capable hands of Mr. Du Maurier as he hovers uncertainly between Miss Marie Löhr and the dining-room door at the fall of the curtain. Second, Mr. Davies has not worked as carefully at the figure of Captain Harding as at the other four. Mr. Davies usually presents few characters; but they are highly finished. Captain Harding is an unrealised and a carelessly limned figure. He is excellent in idea; but he is raw material. Perhaps he would be more convincing as impersonated by a player of a rather more agile temperament than Mr. Dawson Milward; but I am afraid that the failure is more in the author than the actor. The other four are delicately and faithfully drawn. Uncle Rufus at breakfast is an excellent example of how the simplest—almost hackneyed—devices of the theatre can be freshly used to suggest character. Uncle Rufus at breakfast—played by Mr. Alfred Bishop—is dramatically better than a thousand brilliant words of exposition as to the innocent selfishness of old gentlemen.

Mr. Davies is happy both in the casting and production of his play. Such ware is fragile, and cannot safely be trusted to any hands but those of the connoisseur. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier is one of the few actor-managers (Sir George Alexander is another) to whom the production of a genuine comedy may be safely entrusted. Ferocious realists—aided in their



opinions by expert feminine advice—have pointed out that Leila is permitted to wear dresses quite out of reasonable proportion to her husband's income. But does it really matter? Leila was naturally extravagant; and obviously she was accustomed to overrule her husband in so important a matter. Besides, Leila's dresses are not only extremely expensive, which is quite a common quality of dresses upon the stage, but extremely pretty, which is very rare. Dresses apart, the most particular critic could find little to disturb him. The production was in detail quite as good as the production of Mr. Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance", which is saying a good deal. Moreover, Mr. Du Maurier is able, not only to produce, but to act. His portrait of the amiable, spasmodic, unhappy, clever, and generous Noel was completely finished and sincere. Indeed, as an actor-manager Mr. Du Maurier has some really astonishing abilities, for he can manage and he can act. He is even more wonderful than that: he can choose a play.

### SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

By FILSON YOUNG.

I HAVE had one bout with the simplified spellers, and I am for another. Let me explain, for those who do not know, that they are a society of people who desire to reform the spelling of the English language by making it consistent. They are not fools or cranks; there are many scholars among them—Professor Gilbert Murray is the President, and the strings of letters indicating degrees after the names of the Vice-Presidents are calculated to strike terror into the heart of an unlettered person like myself. But the academic mind moves in strange ways; and even the name of Dr. Andrew Carnegie as a supporter of this movement does not wholly convince me that I am wrong in my disagreement with them. I hold in my hand a little book which the society has just issued; a very clever and well-written little treatise, humorous, persuasive, lucid, full of apparent common sense, in which the arguments in favour of spelling reform are clearly set forth. Unfortunately, at the end of the book is printed the ballad of "John Gilpin" as the reformers would have us spell it; and I think that its appearance is calculated to throw back the half-converted reader into a state of unregenerate content with things as they are. Here are a few verses, to which I invite the reader's close attention:

He suun replied, "I du admier  
Of woomanciend but wun,  
And yu ar she, mi deerest deer,  
Thairfor it shal be dun".

John Gilpin cist hiz luvng wief;  
Oerjoid woz he tu fiend  
That, tho on plezher she woz bent,  
She had a fruugal miend.

So thre dorz of the shaiz woz staid  
Whair thai did aul get in;  
Sics preshus soelz, and aul agog  
To dash thru thic and thin.

Aa lucles speech, and buutles boest  
For which he paid ful deer:  
For, whiel he spaic, a braiing as  
Did sing moest loud and cleer.

The plan is fairly obvious; it arises from that most dangerous thing, an attempt to be consistent. This little volume is full of humorous exposures of the inconsistency of the English language—a quality which it shares with all human things that have grown and become endeared to us by the accretion of years. It is quite true, of course, that the spelling of English is

constantly changing, and that when it first began to be written by scholars many errors founded on inaccurate ideas of the derivation of words crept into it. But they did creep in; they were not cold-bloodedly drawn up and tabulated by a society. The language, with all its flaws and inconsistencies, contains in itself a record of the centuries of cultivation that evolved it; it is a history in itself; and I quite agree that if the views of this society were to find such general acceptance that our spelling should be, so to speak, reformed by Act of Parliament, that fact, too, would be part of the history of England—a very unhappy piece of history, which would duly leave its scar on the language. Unhappy, because it would reveal a tendency to change things by violence for the very sake of changing them; and to attempt to accomplish by force that which time and growth should accomplish, and to wrench one part of the expression of life out of harmony with the rest. But on examining this poem I find that the consistency of the spelling is of the most doubtful and superficial description. Where, for example, is the consistency in changing the spelling of the words full, woman, stooping, two, frugal, and goose to ful, wooman, stuiping, tu, fruugal, and guus? On being pulled up by the line "Nou let us sing, long liv the Cing" I had great pause and consternation; and pondered long upon what it might be that was wrong with the honest consonant "k", which can only have one sound, that one should substitute for it a consonant which necessarily has two. I turned back to find the explanation, and I read the following strange paragraph: "The reasons for choosing c rather than k for the representation of this sound are that c is easier to write, and looks better than k (komik, kake, kook, kolour, foks etc. are not attractive); and that c is much more common than k, especially at the beginning of words". I think, with all respect to Professor Murray and Dr. Andrew Carnegie, that this is one of the silliest reasons that could be given; more than that, it delivers the simplified spellers into my hands. For some time ago they made great fun of me because I said that language was a matter for the eye as well as for the ear; that one wrote a speech differently from an essay, and that the new spelling was ugly because it affronted the eye. They jeered at me for this, I say; but here they are in their little book saying that we must write "citen" for "kitten" because it looks better, that we must write "Cing" for "King" for the same reason. Now look back at the verses printed above and consider what you think of them from that point of view. Is "woomanciend" really a pretty word, and is the line "Whot nyuez? whot nyuez? yuer tiedingz tel!" really easier to write, to learn, or prettier to look at than the bad old way?

Another argument, a more serious one, is that simplified spelling would save a great deal of time in a child's education; and the writers of this book put it down from a year and a half to two years of his school life. That is a very serious argument, which if it were true would go far to outweigh other disadvantages of the system. But if, as they say, from a year and a half to two years of a child's life are spent in memorising the spelling of English words, then all I can say is that it is the system of teaching English which wants reforming, and not its spelling. I know the kind of follies that were committed in my day in the attempt to teach me languages; but it is amazing to me to hear that the children in our elementary schools are taught English by memorising the spelling of the words in the language. I can hardly believe it. Even the writing of a foreign language is best learnt by reading it; and the only natural way to learn to spell English is to read English, and become familiar with the look of the words. If that system is adopted one way of spelling is as good as another, except that that way is best which is the most familiar and universal. There is no such thing as spelling by the light of nature; and a child will learn to recognise the pronoun "whom" as quickly in that form as if it is presented to him as "huum".

But let us have another verse of Gilpin :

Stop thief ! Stop thief ! A hiewaiman !  
Not wun ov them woz myuet ;  
And aul and eech that paast that wai  
Did join in the persyuet.

And nou the turnpiec gaits again  
Flu oopen in short spais ;  
The toelmen thincing as befor  
That Gilpin ran a rais.

There is one treasure discovered here, which shows that even when one is perversely pursuing the path of error one may stumble by chance on some good thing. This good thing is the word which describes the mental processes of the tollgatemens who, as Gilpin rode by, were "thincing". This is a good word. To thince is to employ a lighter, thinner, and more dilute brew of the mind than thought ; to think is to take trouble and do something hard, with an effort ; to thince is to begin well, but give up the struggle and let it go at that ; it is just what the "toelmen" did when Gilpin fled by with the "sics jentlemen and the poestboi". It is a good word, and I thank this society for it.

Nou let us sing, long liv the Cing  
And Gilpin, long liv he !  
And when he necst duth ried abraud,  
Mai I be thair tu se !

But may I not be there to see the masterpieces of my language, which were written and spelled in the natural and unconscious manner of their own time, twisted into the self-conscious ugliness of this whizzing, hiccoughing jargon. I will go on thincing about simplified spelling and turn it over in mi miend, but the more I thince, the more it stics in mi throet. One of the fallacies of the system lies in its attempt to explain away its strangeness by imagining how strange the present spelling would seem to anyone who had grown accustomed to "regularity and simplicity of spelling" ; and how odd we should think the man who proposed to spell tough and stuff, after and laughter, plough and cow, as we actually spell them. (How strange, also, to some naked man of the primeval world would seem a suit of clothes made by Poole, or indeed any clothes at all. So off with your clothes !) "Suppose", they add, "you had been accustomed to write 'tho', would you not have thought the man mad who proposed to add 'ugh' to it?" Not so mad after all ; for it is exactly the expression I feel inclined to add to this version of "John Gilpin".

#### A RARE WEEK.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

THIS is a good time of the year to answer the usually unanswerable question: What do people talk about in Paris? The first week of October is almost the only time during which there is something like a general conversation in this town, and it is admirable to see everyone join in it the moment he buys the evening papers at the station and suddenly realises that the gentle stupefying he has enjoyed during the vacation is at an end. A few, a very few, people talk about the Balkans, a great many talk about M. Gustave Hervé ; everybody talks about M. Sacha Guitry. It is lucky that the conversation of the French is not by any means the mirror of their preoccupations.

The conversion of M. Gustave Hervé is a real piece of news. You do not know who M. Hervé is? But certainly you remember reading about the Ferrer disturbances in Paris, and perhaps you remember who Liabeuf was—the policeman-killer—and how a crowd of dangerous persons protested against his condemnation to death ; and perhaps, again, you happened to be in Paris last May when thousands and tens of thousands marched the streets in honour of an obscure soldier punished in Algeria. You must also remember allusions to a phrase repeated ad nauseam during the Dreyfus affair and since: the French flag on a dung-hill. This phrase, which became a watchword, was written by M. Hervé ; the storming of the streets near

the Spanish Embassy, the pro-Liabeuf and pro-Rousset processions, which the least thing might have changed into riots, were the work of M. Hervé ; for more than ten years all the revolutionary movements in Paris have been more or less the work of M. Hervé. This gentleman is seldom to be seen in the manifestations he initiates ; he is generally in prison while they go on—it is through mere articles in a paper which you probably never saw, "La Guerre Sociale", that he staggers society, and gives the police so much trouble. Hervé used to be the idol of the reading navy and the terror of the vaguely-informed bourgeois ; to both he was a force of nature which no prison walls, no posse of police, no generosity even—see his answer to M. Briand after his last release in July—could check. Most people knew little or had forgotten what little they knew about his past ; he had gradually become the incarnation of the revolutionary spirit. It is not he, by any means, who engrafted anti-militarism and anti-patriotism on the hardy young plant of Syndicalism—the almost unknown consumptive Pelloutier, who created French Syndicalism, had seen it in all its logical and very simple developments—but he was supposed to be the evil genius of Syndicalism all the same. All that was baleful fish came to his detestable net.

Now it is announced that M. Hervé forswears anti-patriotism and anti-militarism. It is true he gives excuses for his change. He does not become a patriot because he is going to cease preaching anti-patriotism ; he will never be a patriot ; he is only a Republican, and it is because he sees that violent doctrines are dangerous to the Republic—lead her into blind alleys, he says—that he makes up his mind to suppress them. But in spite of this colouring of his action he is moving back all the same, and people stand aghast.

I am not sure that much importance ought to be attached to this astonishment. Indefinite in their notions, as the public generally are, I suspect they would show less emotion if this were not the first week of October and a time specially dedicated to the replanting of curiosity and emotion. Some time has elapsed since M. Hervé could create a commotion with a mere blasphemy, and there are so many conversions nowadays from lawlessness to order and from violence to sobriety that even his cannot detain attention very long. I would not advert to it if it were not a sign—less important than showy—of the universal reaction I have pointed out at various periods in this Review. Rashness and loudness no longer suffice to secure a man a hearing, and men more intelligent than M. Hervé—M. Gustave Téry, for instance—have realised it long ago. The days of sheer ranting are past. M. Hervé sober will soon appear to be little better than a pig-headed Breton with more will than power, and in all likelihood he will never be mentioned again outside the small circle which anathematises him furiously just now. His recanting, which would have been a stroke of genius five or six years ago, is only a nine days' wonder now, and would not even be that if it did not require an effort for people to regard as placid a man they had classed as a convenient embodiment of violence.

There is more that is really satisfactory in the endless conversations about M. Sacha Guitry and his new play, "La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom". The man is young and belongs to the future while poor Hervé is irretrievably finished ; yet in M. Sacha Guitry's, as in Hervé's case, there is a great deal that smacks of the first week of October, and even more that betrays the exaggerated fascination of the public before a rising glory. Vauvenargues says it rightly: the first glow of the morning is less delightful than the first glow of fame, and the combination of success with the present happy, open-handed disposition of the Parisians cannot but be irresistible.

In completely different styles M. Sacha Guitry and M. Bernstein are not dissimilar. Both are Jews with highly salient Jewish traits ; both started writing out of sheer buoyancy ; both seem to take the same pleasure in startling and even shocking, and both had the luck—I might say the wisdom—to meet with success while

they only sought amusement. I can imagine M. Sacha Guitry's career very easily. He is the son of that actor of genius—if somewhat ridiculous man—M. Lucien Guitry; he grew up behind the scenes, and the wealth and flattery which reward successful histrionics seemed very natural to him. His line of life must have been clear to him from his childhood: the stage with lots of fun, lots of newspaper notice, and lots of money. Although very inferior to his father, he was successful as an actor almost immediately and reaped the benefit of his filiation in an incredible degree. It might have been enough for another to be petted by the public, but Sacha Guitry was a modern Hebrew with an exuberant temperament; he would make his mark with what talents he possessed. He had a certain gift for caricature and picture imitations: instead of being satisfied with showing his performances to a few friends, he exhibited them in a gallery on the boulevards; he was exceptionally droll at home and in the actors' greenroom; he did not hesitate long to take the whole world to witness that he was funny. The result was those shallow but good-humoured farces, "Nono" "Le Muffle", and, above all, the extraordinary "Jean III." The danger for him would have been to show conceit or the itching longing for celebrity; but his appetite for fame is boyish, and if he has conceit it is so natural that we cannot think it offensive. So Sacha Guitry was for a year or two the charming young actor who shows that he can do better than interpret other people's conceits. One merely got used to his whim and lost all notion of finding fault with it. Suddenly the frolicsome young man produced "Le Veilleur de Nuit", which had some powerful sides, and the attitude of the public changed: was there here more than one had imagined? This was last winter, less than a year ago; and in those few months the strange phenomenon which we call success or notoriety brought about the rapid transformation of M. Sacha Guitry from an interesting into a revered writer. One pause, one unexpected silence of the public, followed by a continuation of attention, is the necessary preparation for the magic change: great success is by no means indispensable. After "Le Veilleur" came in surprisingly quick succession "Un Beau Mariage", "La Vocation du fils Mondoucet", and "Pas Complet". The three plays were in the old vein, no better, no worse than the earliest attempts of the author. But almost month after month we were reminded that M. Sacha Guitry was the creator of that strong play "Le Veilleur". During the vacation it became rumoured in the special milieu which prepare general curiosity that "Le Veilleur" would soon be eclipsed by another wonderful comedy with the perplexing title, "La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom". September passed, the first week of October came, the play was produced and the miracle was accomplished: to-day M. Sacha Guitry is no longer a promising, he is an arrived playwright. "La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom" is inferior to "Le Veilleur de Nuit", and of exactly the same quality—drollery and an ingenious dialogue—as "Un Beau Mariage", but the author is a much greater man than he was not only after "Un Beau Mariage", but even after "Le Veilleur". He will remain so all his life; a successful playwright may have failures; he is never eclipsed.

This is not the place to analyse the peculiar talent of M. Sacha Guitry: it deserves analysing on account of its admixture of naturalness and ingenuity, and, above all, on account of its healthfulness, which is a sign of the times. I shall have many an occasion of reverting to it, no doubt. I only wanted to point out something of the remarkable character of the first week of October.

#### ASSISTING NATURE.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, Canon of Winchester.

THE charm of a rare species of wildflower is, in the mind of a botanist, inseparably connected with its natural habitat. The choicest specimen in a garden or shrubbery lacks the fascination that

surrounds it in its own home. All genuine "searchers after simples" will admit the interest and delight associated, let us say, with a colony of the Royal Osmunda in some Devon or Cornish swamp, or a shrub of the sweet-scented *Daphne Mezereum* in a Hampshire wood. These handsome species are not infrequently met with in cottage gardens, and they are charming even in artificial surroundings, but they have lost the glamour of the "wild" plant in its native haunt. It is well worth a long journey to see that noble species, the great "hellibore, bear's-foot, or setterwort, growing all over the High Wood and Coney Croft hanger" at Selborne—on the very slopes where Gilbert White noticed it a century and a half ago; but the same plant, however "ornamental" as the garden-catalogues say, is not of equal joy when met with in "a shady walk or shrubbery". The difference may be hard clearly to define, but it is not unlike that which exists, to a lover of ornithology, between a captured bullfinch in a wire cage and a wild bird amid its native surroundings.

It is for this reason, among others, that the practice, becoming we fear not uncommon, of assisting nature in the way of introducing rare species of wildflowers into new localities calls for condemnation. The natural distribution of plants is a study of much interest and importance, and the science is seriously hampered and obscured by this confusing habit. Now and again it is reported that a scarce plant has been discovered in a new locality, and in one, it may be, where from its geographical range we should scarcely expect it to exist. The question as to its origin at once arises: Is the habitat a natural one, or is the presence of the rare species due to human agency?

It is curious that instances are not wanting in which distinguished naturalists have sometimes adopted this method of assisting nature. There is a delicate little pepperwort with small white flowers, now called *Hutchinsia petræa* after Miss Hutchins, a zealous Irish botanist, which flourishes on limestone rocks in the West of England and in Wales. Strange to say, it has been known for many years on the churchyard walls of Eltham, in Kent. How could *Hutchinsia petræa* have found its way to such an unlikely locality? Tradition asserts that it was originally planted there by the great botanist Dillenius. The tradition is not in itself impossible. Dillenius came over to England in 1721 at the invitation of Dr. Sherard, and afterwards became the first Sherardian Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford. Now Dr. Sherard had a like-minded brother, Mr. James Sherard, who lived at Eltham, where he possessed one of the finest botanic gardens in the kingdom. Between him and Dillenius an intimacy sprang up; indeed, Dillenius is said to have divided his time between Mr. Sherard's house at Eltham and his own home. Moreover, Dillenius published an elegant and elaborate work on the rare plants growing in his friend's garden, entitled "*Hortus Elthamensis*", in which he describes and figures over four hundred species, all drawn and etched, we are told, with his own hand. It is clear, therefore, that the great botanist had a close connexion with Eltham. This connexion may have given rise to the tradition that he planted *Hutchinsia* on the churchyard wall; or it is not improbable that the plant originally "escaped" from Mr. Sherard's botanic garden.

In one of Gilbert White's letters we come across the following sentence: "I wish", he wrote to his niece, "that we could say that we had ye Parnassia; I have sowed seeds in our bogs several times, but to no purpose." It appears, however, that about the middle of the last century the grass of Parnassus was reported from two localities in Woolmer Forest, though unfortunately in neither instance were the specimens preserved. It may have been that the plants were the descendants of those sprung originally from the seeds sown by Gilbert White—for the grass of Parnassus is not known to exist in Hampshire—and that the good naturalist had been more successful in his endeavour to establish "ye Parnassia" than he believed. On the other hand, it is possible that some mistake had



occurred with respect either to locality or identification, such as, it seems, John Stuart Mill once made with reference to this very species. In the pages of the "Phylogist" for the year 1841 he records the grass of Parnassus as occurring "in various parts of the New Forest". The plant, however, has never been seen in that district by any other botanist, and it may be taken as beyond question that Mill made a mistake.

If, however, Gilbert White's endeavour to assist nature by sowing seeds of "ye Parnassia" in Woolmer Forest was "to no purpose", the same cannot be said of Dr. Bromfield's efforts in the Isle of Wight. The sea-spurge (*Euphorbia Paralias*), a robust and handsome species with glaucous foliage, may now be seen growing in abundance, and to all appearance entirely "wild", on the sandy dunes which guard the golf links of S. Helen's Spit, near Bembridge. Large clumps or tufts of this attractive plant are scattered about here and there over the sandhills, in company with the beautiful sea-holly, the lovely sea-convolvulus, and the autumnal squill. It appears, however, that before the year 1848 the sea-spurge, which is plentiful on the opposite shore of the Solent, along the south beach of Hayling Island, was unknown in the Isle of Wight. In that year the distinguished botanist Dr. Bromfield, the author of the "Flora Vectensis", the standard work on the wild plants of the island, made an experiment. He planted roots and scattered seeds of *Euphorbia Paralias* in the loose sand of S. Helen's Spit. His conscience, however, was not easy in the matter. For he placed on record the following statement. "To prevent its being announced as a new station for the species, or taken for an aboriginal Isle of Wight plant, I desire to state that before the year 1848 *E. Paralias* was an utter stranger on Vectian ground, and should it spread and become plentiful I hope, by this free confession and announcement, to stand acquitted of all intention to mislead or deceive others into the belief of its being a native. I likewise trust, for the experiment's sake, to be pardoned this attempt to naturalise so beautiful a plant on the shores of the Isle of Wight by those who, with myself, hold such assistance given to Nature a disservice done to botany and its votaries, and as a general practice highly reprehensible."

A few summers ago I was much surprised at finding on the walls of the Norman keep of Colchester Castle a number of plants of *Silene Otites*, or the Spanish catchfly. The plant, I knew, was not recorded for Essex, but there on the crumbling walls towards the summit of the keep it was plentiful. I reported my discovery to a local botanist, who wrote as follows: "*Silene Otites* grows upon the Castle walls from some seeds planted there by an entomologist in order to have a supply of food for larvæ. The plant has established itself, and will probably last if not interfered with, as the seeds were sown twenty years ago". So, too, with *Isatis tinctoria* or woad, the famous plant used by the early Britons to "dy their bodies all over the color of Moors and Ethiopians". It has become a very rare species in England; indeed, in one locality only is it thought to be indigenous. But in 1841 Mill recorded it as growing abundantly in some chalk quarries at Guildford. The plant is still there in extraordinary profusion. As the result, however, of inquiry there seems to be no doubt that the woad was planted in the chalk-pit for experimental purposes, and that "when these were accomplished the plant was destroyed, or believed to have been so". The attempt, however, adds the investigator, "seems to have failed, and we cannot say that we regret its failure"!

In former times, in the days of the seventeenth century when John Ray and Mr. Christopher Merritt and the Rev. Adam Buddle went a-herborising in the Duchy of Cornwall, the splendid sea-stock (*M. sinuata*) flourished in several places on the rocky coast. It may now be seen on the Mullion Cliffs between Helston and the Lizard. But this timely warning comes from Mr.

Hamilton Davey: "To prevent future misunderstanding it should be stated that there are plants now growing on Mullion Cliffs from seeds recently introduced from North Devon". Of a different nature is the following interesting story, told by Mr. Davey in his "Flora of Cornwall". The great butterwort (*Pinguicula grandiflora*) is only a native of Great Britain in a few favoured bogs of Kerry and Cork. But on Tremithick Moor, near Penzance, the plant now flourishes in abundance. It appears that Dr. Ralfs, a distinguished Cornish botanist, did not, as is generally supposed, intentionally introduce this plant into Cornwall. What happened, we learn, was this. Dr. Ralfs received from Ireland some specimens of *Pinguicula grandiflora* for purposes of research, and they were kept in a dish on the window-sill of his parlour. Being about to start on a botanical expedition into Wales, and fearing the plants would be neglected in his absence, he deposited them in a secluded corner of Tremithick Moor. Illness prevented him on his return from fetching them back, and when after some months he was able to go to the moor not a trace of the plants could be found. Some years afterwards a botanist rushed into Ralfs' study and excitedly announced that he had discovered *Pinguicula grandiflora* on Tremithick Moor. Ralfs accompanied him to the spot, and, after admiring the hundreds of plants scattered about, told his companion the true facts of the case. The plant has now, we understand, completely established itself.

Other instances might easily be quoted of a like tendency. Only within the last few weeks additional illustrations have arisen with regard to *Senecio squalidus* in Hampshire, and to the rare and beautiful *Tulipa silvestris* in a locality further west. But enough has, we trust, been said to demonstrate the position that this unhappy method of assisting nature is one which, as Dillenius once said with regard to an entirely different matter, tends to "confuse all botany".

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PROGRESS IN TURKEY UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is impossible in one short letter to consider all the work done in the whole of the Turkish Empire. But the lines upon which the resurrection of Turkey-in-Europe is being carried out can be briefly described.

Prior to the Constitution the various European races subject to the Turk—the Greeks, Bulgars, Serbs, and latterly the Albanians—had each started upon its own salvation, and, by dint of hard work and indomitable perseverance, had been for some time developing upon national lines. This slow but steady progress had been going on ever since the Great Powers in 1878 had determined to give the Turk one more chance. But for that aid he would then have left Europe, and in spite of it Turkey continued disintegrating slowly. Things reached at length such a point that it became obvious to the Turk himself that he must make an effort if he wished to survive. In 1908 he made this effort and proclaimed the now notorious Constitution. In doing so he set his back to the wall and made his last stand. By merely proclaiming the Constitution he could no more arrest the processes of Nature than could Canute, by his orders, stop the tide. But, by proclaiming it, he succeeded in freeing himself from European restraint and supervision.

The Turk—it cannot too forcibly be stated—in all things that concern culture, civilisation, and progress was already miles behind his subject peoples. And thus heavily handicapped, the only possible way in which he could survive and gain time to arrive at their level was by stopping their development. The parrot-cry of "Liberty and Equality" rang through Europe. But the only equality possible for the Turk was to level

all down to Turkish standard. The only liberty was freedom to be an Ottoman—freedom to renounce all the aspirations and ideals of years.

Few who have not travelled in European Turkey realise that it consists mainly of a mass of European people forcibly held in subjection by great armies of semi-savage troops poured in from Asia; and that of these European people a very small number only understand the Turkish language and a very large number are Christians. A large proportion of these Christians believed firmly that the Constitution was the work of the Powers, or that it meant at least European supervision. Others hailed any change as a benefit. Others looked on askance and said, "The wolf can change his hair, but never his habits. The Turk is always a Turk". These bitterly asked "Why have the Powers cast us back to the Turk and nailed us down for yet a generation?" But all—whether they hailed "Constitution" with hope or not—intended to pursue the path of self-development along which they had so far struggled.

Little more than a year had passed when they first felt what "Constitution" was. The Turk meant to lose no time. In truth he had none to lose. A very few years of further progress on the part of his subjects meant destruction to him. The first step to stop this progress was the closing of the national schools. At the time of doing this—and even to-day—the Turks had not and have not a sufficiency of trained teachers even for their own schools, much less to provide schools for others. But no matter. The one thing urgently necessary was to arrest education. This forcible closing of schools was effected with much cruelty. As an example, the little town of Berane may be cited. Here the "closing" meant the arrest and imprisonment of all the "intelligenza", i.e. the schoolmasters and educated persons. The priest, who ventured to remonstrate, was thrown face downwards in the street and flogged till insensible, and then shut up in a filthy Turkish privy previous to imprisonment. Nor was he by any means the only one severely flogged. The schoolhouse was taken over for military purposes, and Berane has for two years been schoolless.

Checking development, however, has not been the only item in the Turkish programme. The real aim has been to make of Turkey a Moslem State so far as possible, and during the past few years every effort has been made by barbarous tortures and by oppression to drive out the Christian element. Arms have not merely been allowed to the Moslems, but actually distributed to them, while it has been made penal for Christians to possess weapons, and, under pretext of search for them, cruelties of the most hideous description have been inflicted.

The writer of this letter has seen a young Macedonian Greek—a youth of some culture, understanding Italian and writing a good hand. But his chances in life are ruined. His left arm is bent and withered as the results of the cruel flogging inflicted on him last September (1911), and most horrible of all—he is speechless, for his tongue has been cut out at the root and he is unable to articulate. His father and brother succumbed to their injuries. Their house was completely sacked, and the widow and daughters are destitute. And all this to force these wretched creatures to give up arms they did not possess.

To enumerate the crimes of every district is impossible. A recent instance of the Turk's progress, in no way exceptional, may give the outsider some notion of the ferocity with which this programme is carried out. On the night of 14-15 August the Nizams, led by an officer, fell on the little Serb village of Lower Uryhanitza, near Berane—a mere collection of log cabins and mud and wattle hovels—rather over a hundred houses in all. Under pretext of preventing an insurrection and searching for arms, they assassinated no less than sixteen of one family and arrested as hostages thirty-one women and children, all of whom were imprisoned at Berane. In one wretched hovel they slaughtered a man, his daughter, and his wife, and—

such are Turkish methods of reform—emasculated a little child of twelve months. The rooms in which these horrors took place were mere holes—some eight feet square. The miserable occupants were butchered like beasts in a trap. The wattle walls are full of bullet marks. No attempt whatever was made to arrest any man. Slaughter was intended and carried out. In the next hovel an old blind man was killed. And in another house a man, his wife, his brother and his little nephew were all killed, and the three males beheaded.

In the rising which naturally followed this onslaught the hapless natives were outnumbered by the Nizams; over a dozen villages were burnt, crops were devastated. Three men were dragged from their houses in the town of Berane and shot by the soldiers without any form of trial; the houses of many town Christians were pillaged; the monastery church was robbed and defiled, the monastery buildings burnt. This is only in one little corner of Turkey. Elsewhere Turkish progress has made similar strides. Whole villages have emigrated to escape from the intolerable persecution. Help for them there is none. For the Powers not merely continue to support the Turk, but they also forbid any of the smaller Balkan States from going to the rescue of their tortured kindred.

The Turk entered Europe by slaughter; he remained by slaughter; he is in "statu quo", i.e. in his former state of barbarism. It is a foul and horrible state. It is a state, moreover, which he could not maintain unaided. How long is this aid to be given? How much longer will nations that call themselves civilised support this reign of anarchy and terror? It is a question which demands a speedy answer.

EYE-WITNESS.

#### THE RIGHT OF REBELLION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 Tib Lane, Manchester.

SIR,—Not one direct reference can I find in all you say to the real point I desire to see discussed, and that is the promise given by Mr. Bonar Law, as leader of the Conservative party, to support Ulstermen if, in their opposition to Home Rule, they should resort to the use of force, in order to attain their ends. Much do you say as to the sincerity of the opposition of Ulstermen and British Unionists to Home Rule. I admit it, and I believe that many of them will shoulder a rifle and, if needs be, shoot in order to resist Home Rule. But the real question is, and must be, whether or not any political party of the State is justified in siding with those who threaten to resist the law by force of arms; and no good can be gained by talking round the question. You may say that in certain circumstances a political party is so justified. But tell us, please, who has to decide these circumstances, when do they arise, have we to ascertain them for ourselves, or is some authority to do it for us? Tell us also if the Conservative party may resort to this remedy for influencing legislation now, and if other parties are in turn to be allowed to do the same thing. Sir Edward Carson at Glasgow stated that no man dare lay down that free men must submit to any Act because it is passed by the Government of the day. I dare lay it down, and do; for whatever may have happened in less enlightened times, I believe that to-day—thanks to the love of justice in this land and to the judgment of the electorate, no man has the right to rebel against a law passed in this country and under our present system, unless it be against a law passed by a Government able and determined wilfully and knowingly to inflict an irreparable injury. Until I can conceive such a Government possible, I can conceive no right to rebel. Perhaps some might regard political opponents in this category. I do not.

You say that any man who does not appreciate that the situation of British Unionists in regard to Irish Unionism is clean out of the ordinary run of political



controversy, is not worthy of the name of Unionist. But, if it be essential for a British Unionist in his opposition to Home Rule to say that he will support Ulstermen if they resort to arms in order to resist Home Rule if it be passed, then let us know at once and for all, for I and other Conservatives will not subscribe to it. To my mind Ulstermen are as amenable to the law of Parliament as any other section of the community. They stand in no privileged position, and are as much bound to obey, if Home Rule be passed, as the Nationalists of Ireland will be bound to obey if Home Rule be not passed. Otherwise we go back a good many centuries, and Government by the will of the people is a sham. Are Conservatives prepared for the logical results of resort to armed resistance to the law? I am not. The law must be obeyed. If it be wrong or unjust, alter it at the polls, and not by means of the rifle. If an opportunity to do this does not occur to-day, wait until to-morrow, which is sure to come, unless "the end of all things" has arrived. And has it?

You say that the final stage of this conflict has not arrived, and that nothing has yet been determined. I think a great deal has been determined. "Every member of the party" has been pledged over and over again to support armed resistance if resorted to by Ulstermen in opposition to the Home Rule Bill if passed. Sir Edward Carson, one of the leaders of the Conservative party, has said that he will, in this struggle, break every law that is possible, that he cares not if his conduct be treason, and his latest contribution is an admission that he knows that his doctrines and the course he is taking lead to anarchy. This would appear to be determining a great deal, and, considering that we have not reached the final stage of this political conflict, results will more than prove the fears of myself and others who desire to be excluded from "every member of the party" in such circumstances.

You refer to the total isolation in which I stand. In one sense I am not isolated, for many Conservatives hold the views I express. And yet in another sense I am isolated, but hope for many others to join me. I admit that I am, as by your inference stated, unimportant. I don't mind your thinking this of me, for one of the most obvious results of my speaking out was to lay myself open to personal criticism, which lies so easily at any man's hands and is far less difficult to use than it is to uphold the policy I have condemned. Unimportant I am, little influence, power, or means have I to induce others to join me, and—except to myself and my concerns—my personality counts for little in this controversy. What does matter, however, is the subject itself, the political question we have to discuss, and neither my isolation, unimportance, nor any other personal deficiency is the true test as to whether my views are sound or unsound. Tell your readers how you justify any party in the State in siding with those who would resort to the rifle and not the ballot box as a means of remedying a grievance. Tell them how a party, having once promised to their friends support in armed resistance to the law, can deny the same course to their opponents—and we will add something to our text-books on legal powers and remedies. When I awoke to what the Blenheim policy may mean, and to what it can lead us to, the monument of Conservatism seemed to change. Mr. Balfour seemed to be looking aside instead of straight before him, Lord Salisbury's noble countenance seemed to anger, other great figures seemed to have stepped down, and everything seemed disordered. And disordered it will remain until this new and unwelcome figure be taken away.

I ask you to print this letter for me, and do me some justice. Conservative papers, save one, suppressed the letter I sent to them making known my detachment from this policy, but they all found space next day to record my expulsion from Rochdale. The executive of that constituency were angry at my writing to Liberal papers alone (although I wrote to both sides), and greatly did this feature influence my abandonment by a resolution passed at a meeting called and held the

very same day my letter appeared in the papers—a meeting called in the holidays when few could or did attend, a resolution passed in spite of warning to do nothing from one of their best leaders, passed in my absence and without my having the opportunity I had sought of saying a word on my own behalf, and without the 5373 electors who voted for me at the last election or the public of Rochdale having an opportunity of expressing their views upon it. And to-day many Conservatives in Rochdale, to my certain knowledge, disagree with it.

If you are unable to print this letter I will send it to other papers. Thanking you, if you are good enough to insert it, I remain, yours etc.

NICHOLAS COCKSHUTT.

#### IRISH LOYALTY AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Priory, Shrewsbury.

SIR,—As one who cannot see why in the name of common justice English Tories should be asked to submit themselves blindly to Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law and join their Orange crusade, may I be permitted to ask one pertinent question? We are asked (to put the matter plainly) to help in fomenting riot and rebellion on behalf of a portion of the Protestant inhabitants of Ulster, a mere fraction of the population of Ireland, a fraction of intruded and alien origin, distinguished for centuries by its savage persecution of the Catholic and native Irish, and by a penal code which moved Burke, Sydney Smith and Lecky (who were certainly not Catholic Home Rulers) to burning indignation. Well, suppose the position of things reversed. Suppose the Catholics to be in the position of the Protestant Ulstermen and the Home Rulers to be English Protestants. Suppose also that the Catholic minority, in obedience to the well-known words of Holy Writ about the blessedness of the rich, had thriven and succeeded in "the business of life", and ensured the failure of "their opponents" in the said "business" for centuries by a Hunnish penal code and later by evictions and rivet-throwing; in short, suppose the history of the two populations reversed in every detail. Would the SATURDAY REVIEW then advocate the violent suppression of the English Home Rulers? To ask the question is to answer it. But, it will be said, their being English would make all the difference. On Chauvinist grounds, yes. But not on Christian grounds; and I understand that the SATURDAY REVIEW stands for Anglican Christianity. Surely consistency demands either the abandonment of all pretence to Christian and the adoption of frankly Chauvinist principles, or the abandonment of the Orange rebellion. As I have reason to believe there are not a few who share my astonishment, I think I have a right to ask the question, as also to object to the cloaking of appeals to race-hatred and "No Popery" under specious names. For Orangemen to prate of "liberty of conscience" is a little too impudent. Catholic workmen in the Belfast shipyards, Ulstermen whose convictions lead them to enter the Catholic Church, have something to tell us of Orange "liberty of conscience". And as to Irish disloyalty (after all the wonderful methods Orangemen have always used to make their fellow-countrymen love the fraudulently imposed Union) the following words of the Duke of Wellington claim some consideration: "It is already well known to your Lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—at least one-half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones

and wrecked the institutions of every other people; how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we owe all our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain". (Quoted in Ruskin's "Bible of Amiens", Pref. pp. v-vi.)

And it is the descendants of those settlers who introduced a Dutch usurper (and, as Mr. W. H. Davey's unanswered letter of 14 September in the SATURDAY REVIEW tells us, only a portion of them) who claim a monopoly of Irish loyalty, and the right to speak in the name of Ireland, nay, of the whole Empire!

I am, Sir, yours etc.

H. E. G. ROPE.

### HOME RULE AND THE REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I point out that the Home Rule Bill comprises a Redistribution of Seats Bill for Ireland, though in a somewhat disguised form, and in this form the present under-representation of the Ulster Plantation is recognised and rectified? The redistribution is concealed by the fact that the total number of members is increased from 103 (in the Imperial Parliament) to 164 (in the Irish Parliament); but by multiplying the number of members in the Home Rule Bill by 103 and dividing by 164 we obtain the number to which any particular locality is at present entitled on the same principle. (To be more exact, as the two University members are not local, we should multiply by 101 and divide by 162.) The present constituencies are practically unaltered by the Bill, the plan being to increase the representation of larger constituencies—East Belfast, for instance, returning five members instead of one—and leave the smaller ones as at present. I find that in this way, assuming that all the constituencies in Ulster adhere to their present political creeds, those which at present return seventeen Unionists will return thirty-seven Unionists under the Home Rule Bill; and multiplying and dividing as above stated, they ought to return twenty-three members instead of seventeen to the present Parliament. My estimate was twenty-four.

The redistribution provisions of this Bill are well worthy of attention, and I suppose they will be closed through the House with practically no discussion at all. Here is a specimen of the mode of dealing with constituencies. Donegal and Tyrone each return four members at present. Tyrone is to continue to send the same number to the Irish Parliament, but the Donegal contingent is to be increased to seven. Donegal has a population of 168,537, Tyrone one of 142,665. A difference of less than 26,000 inhabitants makes a difference of three members. Your readers may imagine that the electorates may account for the difference. On the contrary, Tyrone has actually more electors than Donegal, viz. 26,064 to 25,635. Perhaps the fact that the percentage of illiterates is nearly 10 per cent. greater in Donegal than in Tyrone may account for the arrangement. Tyrone at present returns three Home Rulers to one Unionist, but I suspect that the Government is apprehensive of defeat at the next election, since it makes the Imperial parliamentary representation safe by tacking Monaghan on to Tyrone, while Fermanagh is rendered equally safe by tacking it on to Donegal. If these provisions should be run through without discussion by means of the closure in the present Session I hope there will be a plentiful crop of amendments ready when the Bill goes into Committee in 1913.

Truly yours

HIBERNICUS.

### STATE-AIDED IMPORTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brighton, 2 October 1912.

SIR,—I am glad that Mr. Lewis endorses my "challenge". I do not see, however, how he can maintain that the untaxed foreign food is an addition to our own supply, and not a substitution. As it is able to be sold below the price of the British production, it must obviously tend to diminish the amount of the latter; and as soon as this happens the foreign importer will be able to raise his price, keeping always a little below the minimum which our own farmers can afford to charge. The tendency, therefore, of the unfair competition of Free Trade, or rather State-aided imports, is ultimately to raise the price of food-products, as the British working-man is finding to his cost.

I am glad to say that I have just received a cordial endorsement of my arguments from a leading exponent of Tariff Reform. Is it, therefore, too much to hope that the Unionist party will before long boldly adopt a consistent policy of all-round Protection, and ignore the Radical parrot and its mechanical cry of "Cheap food"?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

IMMO S. ALLEN.

### BISHOPS' WORK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 October 1912.

SIR,—Referring to your note in last week's issue in regard to the division of the diocese of Oxford, may I say that the question of the "suburban-villa episcopate" is never likely to arise in the Church of England? It is useless to ask whether the Church can "fill more sees with strong, scholarly and orthodox rulers". Under present conditions we kill our Bishops by overwork. One after another has complained that he hardly has time to read, and the late Bishop Fraser said that he hardly had time to say his prayers. A Bishop cannot "rule" in a spiritual sense if he does not know, and under present conditions a Bishop cannot know his clergy or people. We are not asking for absurdities, but we are demanding, and rightly demanding, that the work shall be reduced to be within the physical power of him to whom it is committed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

EDWD. HARDING FIRTH.

### "DISCRETION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ardoch, Cardross N.B., 7 October 1912.

SIR,—As my review of Mr. Bryce's book was published unavoidably without my having seen a proof, would you allow me to point out two little errors? One is that I did not write "pore" for "poor". I should not have thought of joking on such a subject. The other is that I did not credit Mr. Bryce with "wild" speculations. No man is less likely to indulge in speculations of the kind. What I wrote was, "his speculations are . . . well . . . speculations such as we all can make".

Yours faithfully

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

### "VERY QUEER THINGS FROM THE PACIFIC."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Valley Croft, Northwood, Middlesex.

SIR,—In the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW I observe a review of my recent book "The Secret of the Pacific" (Unwin), which can only be described as perfunctory and disagreeable, and, I fear, purposely so. I venture to think that my books on Latin-American subjects are sufficiently well known not to require defence from a criticism written in such a spirit, but perhaps you will permit me to tell your readers what



the book is about, as your reviewer has neglected to do so. The main part of the work is taken up by descriptions of the ancient ruins and remains of the old civilisations found in North and South America, from the cliff-dwellers of Arizona to the Toltecs, Aztecs, and Mayas of Mexico and Central America, and the Incas and pre-Incas of Peru, with a discussion of the analogies that have been drawn from time to time between these ancient cultures of America and those of Asia, and a possible Asiatic origin of the former. The evidence for and against such pre-historic origin or contact is reviewed; the question of the origin, whether autochthonous, whether imported, constituting the "secret" of the Pacific. The theory of Asiatic origin is supported by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in his letter to me, which is quoted in the book, but I have not pretended to solve the problem, contenting myself with giving the evidence for and against; so that your reviewer's sneering remark about the "secret" having been kept from the author was unnecessary. A chapter is devoted to the "Socialism" and land laws of the Incas of Peru. Some of the remarkable ruins in Mexico and Peru are described from actual travel, and the illustrations enable an exact idea to be formed of their scope. The book is written for the layman, and if I may judge by its general reception, the discussion of this old problem has aroused interest.

May I venture to suggest that the time has come for reviewers—at least, of special subjects such as this—to sign their names to their criticisms? This course would make for greater care and value (as well as courtesy), and we should at least know by what authority they speak.

Yours truly

C. REGINALD ENOCK F.R.G.S.

#### "SOULS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 October 1912.

SIR,—Is it not time that a protest was raised against the journalistic practice, when describing disasters at sea, of enumerating the loss of so many "souls", instead of so many lives or people? We frequently read in newspaper reports that "every soul on board perished", or that "not a soul was saved".

I suppose that the origin of the use of the word "soul", when describing the killing of a person, was the desire to express his utter extermination, "body and soul". Whatever justification there may have been in the past for this mediæval idea, the expression is to-day a meaningless exaggeration; and not only meaningless, but dogmatic, irreverent, impudent and silly. Sometimes it is even ridiculous, as when we read in a letter in yesterday's "Times" that "every soul who can be carried on board a ship shall be secured the chance of keeping afloat in a boat, raft, or other appliance".

Equally ridiculous is the popular interpretation seriously placed by various newspapers on the famous wireless code signal "S O S" as being an abbreviated form of "save our souls". One might as reasonably interpret S.E.C.R. on a railway carriage door as standing for "souls easily and comfortably ruined".

I am, Sir, yours faithfully

G. M. MARSTON.

#### THE PORTRAITS OF WHISTLER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York, 27 September 1912.

SIR,—I am preparing an iconography of the various portraits of Whistler, and would be grateful to any of your readers for acquainting me with little-known portraits or caricatures of the artist which they may know of. Communications should be addressed to me in the care of my publishers, the John Lane Company, New York.

Very truly yours

A. E. GALLATIN.

## REVIEWS.

### STEVENSON'S DRAMATIC SENSE.

"The Works of R. L. Stevenson." The Swanston Edition  
Vols. 15 to 20. London: Chatto and Windus.  
6s. per vol.

THE Swanston Edition of Stevenson will soon be complete. We have already spoken of the excellence of its print and paper, and of the sound and careful way it has been bound and illustrated. This is one of the few, the very few, reprints of to-day that can be ranged on the shelf by Moxon's or Pickering's editions without offence to Moxon or Pickering. One hates the "pretty" reprint. It is a faked-up thing. It is rubbish. It is to the taste of those who are tasteless in the form of books. It falls to bits ere long—that is its sole merit. Cheapness in a book is not its merit, or at least a very mixed merit. Books are not made to be read and chucked away. Fourpenny-half-penny editions of the novels of the leading novelists to-day are meant for that. But then they are hardly worth styling books; their outside is as bad perhaps as most of their inside. Now Stevenson's *are* books, and it is well that they should be reproduced in an exact and fine form as is this Swanston Edition. We congratulate Messrs. Chatto and Windus on their work—they could not have done it in a simpler or a better way.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote novels and verses, letters and tracts, short stories and essays, but he did not write for the stage. Reading much of his work once again, as this new edition encourages us to do, a feeling of wonder has come that this one province of the author was neglected by a man whose versatility was not the least of his qualities. The dramatic instinct really exists, and Stevenson had it. No man ever wrote with greater consciousness of his readers. He could write to Henley that "there is something in me worth saying", but it was not in him to give his thoughts crude to the world. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in his career as a man of letters was his deliberate attempt to acquire style from the study of those whom he held to be the masters, a plan which to many must seem so ridiculous that it can only be justified by its results. But it is very easy to imagine that a writer beginning as a dramatist would take pains to learn from the work of others the necessary conventions of the stage. In each case the natural man is forgotten because of an acute and almost painful consciousness of the public. Bad and artificial work is to be expected from this kind of slavery, but Stevenson, like the great playwrights, belonged to the type of creator that serves willingly. This is not to say that he was ever ready to execute a publisher's orders, else we should have had his projected novel of the "forty-five", but his way was rather to forestall and to avoid adverse criticism than to provoke it by work for which the world was unready. Writing was to him a craft as well as an art, and his "Studies of Men and Books" show that he had begun early to learn its technicalities. His memory was long, and to the end he had about him something of the critic's habit of spectacled observation.

"Treasure Island", say some, cannot be read properly without a map. The comment is a hint of the way in which the author wrote. Indolent persons, who can only enjoy a book indolently, are worried by the chart to which, for lack of memory, they must be always turning; but it existed before a single word of the story had been put on paper. It stood to Stevenson as a plan of the stage, on which were marked the entrances and the exits and every piece of furniture. He knew its importance as a guide, and when it was lost it had to be constructed again. He had always been impatient with mere artistry and would have no liberties taken with the facts of fiction, blaming Hugo for some small errors which had crept into "Les Travailleurs de la Mer", though they might well have

escaped any but a professional sailor. He read as he wrote, seeing men and things placed before him as in a theatre. Nothing but his love of detail and his desire for accuracy could have given him his sympathy with Samuel Pepys, a man whose pliable nature would have otherwise altogether revolted him. Those who care nothing for such things, and above all else abhor maps, are heard to say that their sole memory of "Treasure Island" is the sound of the man with the wooden leg stumping up the road to the inn. A dull Scot, they may call him, but that little mechanical device has impressed them. It is like the shouting of the crowd behind the scenes, or the call which is answered "off"; it is a recognition of the fact that a book read in a quiet hour may have its appeal to the ear as well as to other organs of sense.

It was in Stevenson's power to convey impressions as vividly by words as other men do by scenes and acts; and in consciously performing this task he was never greater than in his tale of the duel which the Master of Ballantrae fought with Mr. Henry Durie. The reader sees just as much and just as little of the combat as did Mackellar by the light of the candles under the frosted trees. The watcher of the fight tells how "my teeth smote each other in my mouth" at the beginning, and how, in the end, the Master leaped back "with a little sobbing oath"; and if we have a little more courage than the faithful servant of the house we can still enter into all his feelings as the scene and the actors rise from the printed page. Actually it is a piece of writing so grimly effective that no staging could possibly give it more life than it already possesses. Putting aside all other reasons, and a number of practical difficulties arising from ill-health and much travel, we guess that Stevenson's power of vivid presentation made the means of the theatre of little account to him. The sound of applause was denied to him, but he could come into the closest touch with his public without the aid of any intermediaries. Since his death "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been seen on the stage in an edition mutilated for acting purposes, but it has not been a great success. His desire to account for everything, even in a mystical story, may be taken as the dramatic instinct run to excess.

The power to make a scene from words came to Stevenson, along with his partiality for the Shorter Catechism, direct from his "forbears o' the persecution" and from his early reading of their books. These two legacies which he received are by no means as incompatible as first thoughts would suggest. The scribes of Covenanting days were gifted with a burning imagination which constantly left cold truth far behind. Stevenson always claimed that his first literary ideals were formed in childhood, when his nurse read to him the "Analecta" of Robert Wodrow and Patrick Walker's "Vindication of Cameron", and from these strange works he must have learnt even more than he suspected. His first masters, with the Bible as their sole guide for both life and letters, had an unsurpassed ability in making a few words give colour to a story. "John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat ground, the mist being very dark, knew not until bloody cruel Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horses, brought him to his house and there examined him." The quotation is from Walker, and the facts merely tell of the arrest of a fanatic rebel, but the worship, the family, the spade and the mist are all items which the writer has used to throw into relief the picture of a quiet and peaceful man hunted to death by the king's soldiers. They are the dramatic touches without which the narrative would be merely a paragraph from a newspaper. They were the food on which the spirit of Cameron was to be kept alive; and as he read these and the like tales Stevenson must have thought that the conventicles of his fathers held more matter for him than was in any theatre. There is plenty of drama of the lighter sort in such stories as "The Wrong Box" and "The Dynamiter", and there is melodrama

in "The Wrecker"; but his pictures are never so vivid as when they show the life and people of Scotland, and never so convincing as when they deal with those most akin to the Covenanters. The Jacobites are, perhaps, a trifle too theatrical. Alan Breck may be called a Porthos garbed with literary skill and a kilt, and the Master may be held almost inconceivably wicked. But there is never the least doubt about the minister of Balweary, in the vale of Dule, and it was quite in the nature of things that John Christie should see the Black Man passing the Muckle Cairn. Remarkable adventures were the commonplaces of that sort, as is proven by almost every page of the "Analecta", in which veracious chronicle of "providences, mostly relating to Scotch Ministers and Christians", are recounted wonders to cause envy to the jealous shade of Herodotus. There was no need for Stevenson to use his South Sea experiences when such things lay behind him in the north. "The tradition of the country and nothing more", was Hazlitt's ill-tempered comment on Scott's genius, and for the moment the critic may have his own way, but the tradition is good enough itself, and even Sir Walter did not exhaust it.

#### "THE GLORY OF THE GRÆME."

"The Great Marquis of Montrose." By Mrs. Hugh Pryce. London: Everett. 1912. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY emerges bit by bit from beneath the Whig tradition. But, though the portrait of Montrose came first to the world from the easel of his bitter foes, and has since been drawn by writers like Brodie and Laing, the fame of the "Hero Cavalier" has never really been clouded, and the researches of the modern scientific historian have put the greatness and beauty of his character beyond challenge. Seldom has there been such a combination of strength with winningness, of fiery ardour with temperance, of the happy warrior with the scholar and poet, of the paladin and preux chevalier with the wary statesman—"le seul homme du monde", wrote Cardinal de Retz, "qui m'ait jamais rappelé l'idée de certains héros que l'on ne voit plus que dans les vies de Plutarque". Spottiswoode, the Good President, called him on the scaffold "that matchless mirror of all true worth and nobility". Burnet complains of the stately loftiness with which he had carried himself from early years, "living as in a romance", but the Covenanting Baillie spoke of him as a "generous and noble youth". All the elements of august poetic tragedy, played on a great theatre, are present in his life of thirty-eight crowded years, down to the heroic end. "He is just now turning off from the ladder", wrote an English spectator of that end, "but his countenance changes not." It looks out at us very comely and noble from Honthorst's canvas—the Parliament had offered £20,000 Scots to anyone who would "exhibit the head" of James Grahame. They had never dared look it in the face till they saw it rotting on the Tolbooth. When the hangman took it down ten years later he put another on the spike in its place—Argyll's!

Throughout the tragedy it is the "master-fiend", the arch-craven Campbell, who plays the foil to Montrose. The ferrety squinting face and the demure Covenanting attire in the Newbattle portrait are extraordinarily characteristic of "Gillespie Grumach". "Sir", said his old father to Charles I., "I must know this young man better than you do. You may raise him, which I doubt you will live to repent, for he is a man of craft, subtlety and falsehood, and can love no man." There can be no doubt that Macallum Mor hoped to make himself King of Scotland; he did become its dictator, with power of life and death; but between him and all his schemes stood the incorruptible and loyal Montrose, whose magnanimous clemency, moreover, shamed Argyll's barbarities, which included rape and torture. If the Covenanters of a later day were harried ruthlessly, they reaped but a little of what they had sown. After their one victory, at Philiphaugh, the



ministers declaring that it would be impiety to spare malignants merely because quarter had been promised them, an immense massacre of prisoners was carried out in cold blood, while nearly all the captive women, children and serving-lads were shot, piked or deliberately drowned—nor was this the only occasion of such an atrocity. The officers whose lives had been guaranteed were afterwards executed by the Parliament, in response to the "just and pious desires" of the Genevan preachers, and all "Irishes", in whatever prison they might be, were put to death without trial. But south of the Tweed also to be Irish, whether male or female, was to be a wild beast, and Cromwell slew 200 Irishwomen after Naseby. His English prisoners were shipped off as slaves. Argyll's favourite Scriptural quotation was "abscindantur qui nos perturbant", and "the wark gaes bonnily on" was the vernacular countersign of the ministers. It was they who had Montrose's hands securely tied, as he sat in the cart by the hangman's side, that the people might stone him the better. They deposed one or two of their number who had prayed with "that excommunicat rebel" or (in one case) given him a cup of cold water.

Montrose grieved that he died excommunicate. A devout and earnest member of the Scots Reformed Kirk, reared in boyhood by an honoured Calvinist uncle and deeply committed in early manhood to the second or 1638 Covenant, which was as fiercely anti-episcopal as it was anti-papal, he was never a Laudian or black prelatist. It is true that his "more than ordinar and evil pride made him very hard to be guided" when persecution of papist or prelatist was afoot. Yet "none were more vainly foolish than Montrose" in the Covenanted Assembly of 1638. Hamilton had sown in his mind the belief that the King cared more for his English than his Scottish subjects, and he was jealous for the liberties of Scotland. But this was no republican—"Government", he said, "is a power over the people, institute of God for his glory and the temporal and eternal happiness of men": a statement which, Mrs. Pryce observes, places a gulf between him and the degenerate will-of-the-people Conservative of our day. Nor was he a fanatic. And when Montrose saw that the subversion of the ancient throne was intended, and the "damnable Covenant", as he called it, of 1643, which asserted Presbyterianism to be the only lawful Church, was to be imposed by fine and imprisonment on every man and woman of the three kingdoms—though it had been malignant tyranny to introduce the Common Prayer into S. Giles—he chose the weak side against the strong, and vowed himself the champion of the distressful Sovereign whom he had come to know personally and to love. "I never had passion so great as to serve the King your father", he told the younger Charles. "He lived a saint", said Montrose beneath the gallows, "and died a martyr. I pray God I may end as he did. If ever I would wish my soul in another man's stead, it should be in his." When news of his master's tragic fate reached Montrose he fell down in a rigid swoon. Charles had said of this loyal servitor after the disaster of Philiphaugh, "From henceforth I place him (who hath hazarded so freely and generously for me) among my children, and mean to live with him as a friend, and not as a king".

The history of Montrose's campaigns, from the day when he stole into Scotland disguised as a groom down to the Last Venture wherein he put it to the touch to win or lose it all—and losing all won imperishable glory—is romance of the noblest kind. Such splendid victories against overwhelming odds—at Tippermuir, for instance, 7000 experienced troops, horse and foot, with artillery, were almost annihilated by "a pack of naked runagates, not three horses among them, few either swords or muskets", who pursued the rebel cavalry with showers of stones. How Homeric were the exploits of single chieftains at Auldearn! What gallant actions by mere boys—Lord Aboyne at the Brig o' Dee; Lord Lewis Gordon, a wilful lad of fourteen, who brought up his father's clansmen in

a critical hour; Kilpont, Montrose's loved cousin, the pride of the house of Monteith, murdered by a traitor who had proposed to his horrified ear the assassination of the Græme; Lord Graham, Montrose's heir, who was with his father at Tippermuir, aged fourteen, and died untimely after Inverlochy; Alastair Ogilvie of Inverquhar, "a lovely youth", executed after Philiphaugh; or young Menzies, who fell on that fatal April day under Craigchaonichean, clasping a black banner embroidered with the gory head of the martyr-king. One feature of book-romance Montrose's story lacks, as does that of his kinsman, Claverhouse. Of great personal beauty as both men were, neither knew anything of Cavalier gallantry. Each had a "sweet wife", wedded early, at home, to whom their hearts were true. Montrose's Magdalen died after Philiphaugh, and her heart-broken husband eluded pursuit to bury her. His famous "Love-song" had been addressed to an idealised Scotland. To God, country and king he dedicated his clear spirit.

Mrs. Pryce has written an admirable popular life of "the Great Marquis".

#### BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

"Byways in British Archæology." By Walter Johnson. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

WE confess to a great liking for this new volume from Mr. Walter Johnson's study. It deals with important subjects which have been stowed away from sight and have been therefore unduly neglected. And it deals with them judiciously, adequately, and calmly. Mr. Johnson does not treat them as of supreme importance simply because he has worked at them. He knows their proper place, and we are not constantly made to feel up against the industrious author who, having made a find, magnifies it out of all proportion to its value.

The most important studies are undoubtedly the first two, churches on pagan sites and the secular uses of the church fabric. Both of these subjects have been awaiting investigation for some years. They help, in so many ways, inquiries into national origins, and scholars dealing with this larger subject have not been able to turn aside to the details of these necessary adjuncts. They have known generally that evidence under both these heads was forthcoming, but they also knew that it had never been put to the test of scientific treatment, and they have always been afraid to use an example for anything further than mere illustration. And they have not understood as now they will understand how intimately connected the two subjects are.

Mr. Johnson considers the problem of churches on pagan sites under the heads of Christian churches during the Roman period, churches which occupy the sites of Roman villas, Christian edifices which have been built adjacent to Roman camps, churches in pre-historic camps, and, finally, he considers the independent problem of site-continuity compared with fabric-continuity. This method does not tend for clearness. It leads us backwards and forwards through the ages, but the general results are entirely good. Mr. Johnson points out that the churches "which will least stand the critical test of the architect and the antiquary with respect to a Roman origin are precisely those which the popular vote declares to belong to that period". He quotes the obvious example of S. Alban's, built of Roman material, but not in the Roman way. He dismisses the Kentish churches of Burham, Leeds, Southfleet, and Lower Halstow, and will not accept the evidence of the formidable list of sixty churches which is put forward by Essex. He is sceptical even of the limited list of five churches at Dover, Richborough, Reculver, Lydinge, and Brixworth which are included in Haddan and Stubbs' "Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents" as "churches of which traces still exist" of their change from Roman temple to Christian church. Careful as

Mr. Johnson is, however, in the admission of evidence which is not complete at all points, he refers very significantly to the comparative value of Irish examples where pagan graves arranged in a circle marked with stone pillars still remain in the Christian churchyard, and in this direction he could have proceeded much further with considerable advantage to his own studies. The evidence of continuity in these matters is all along the line. It does not occur in one region only, nor has it reference to one class of monument. It crops up in unexpected quarters, and if, with Mr. Johnson's guidance, we are compelled only too frequently to admit the correctness of his verdict of not proven on the evidence before him, there is always a strong substratum of conviction that even in some cases where exact proof is not forthcoming it may be perfectly legitimate not to insist upon exactness at every stage. Every archaeologist will admit the importance of the subject on many grounds, and it adds one more example of the strong conservatism of human action in the early years of progress, when religion and worship had not been released from their primitive elements and their primitive influences.

The next subject which we have classified as the most important dealt with in this book is not beset with the same difficulty. Mr. Johnson begins by suggesting that the considerable folklore which is gathered round the building of churches occupying prominent positions and high ground points to the period of gradual extension of the Church to parts of the country then occupied by races or tribes who had not subscribed to Christianity, and both architectural and constructional evidence supports this view. Then he takes up the group of churches with towers, which were originally intended for defensive purposes, as refuges for men and store-houses for valuable property. The geographical distribution of this type of church is very carefully indicated, and is of the highest interest. And, finally, there are those great buildings erected in places where population was never extensive, and the use for which is not explained by the devotional purposes of pious founders. This leads to a consideration of the various secular uses of the church fabric. The folk-moot, the court of justice, the court leet of the feudal period, municipal meetings, legal customs, vestry and town's meetings, elections of mayors and other officials, education purposes, marriage covenants, markets, and many other uses are examples of the research into this curious subject which Mr. Johnson has undertaken. What he has clearly brought out is the sociological importance of the church, a phase of early life which has never yet been examined, and the true significance of which has yet to be worked out and brought into evidence. Mr. Johnson confines himself to the inquiry as to facts, but the suggestiveness of his great collection of examples when looked at in the bulk and not considered individually is extraordinarily great. The church fabric was not only for the use of the priests of the Church, but for the laity. It was a parish institution, and in one conspicuous instance it was a national institution—namely, in the case of Westminster Abbey, which, as Mr. Lethaby has recently shown, owes its planning to its position as the crowning-place of English sovereigns.

Mr. Johnson pursues his research into other byways—burial customs, churchyard yew trees, the cardinal points, all of which are connected with the first two studies, and then discusses the cult of the horse and the ox, which are not so connected. These are marked with the same care of research, but their results do not appeal in the same marked way, because the subjects are not altogether new, and they occupy a subordinate and not a dominant position.

Mr. Johnson is not an inspiring writer. He aims at no results outside those which are contained in his marshalling of the facts under examination. But his patience and steadiness are so good, his lead is so careful, that we willingly allow him the merit of having produced a book which must find its way into the

libraries of most working archaeologists. Full references are always given to the authorities upon which Mr. Johnson depends, and the illustrations are invariably good—not only good of themselves, but carefully selected for the purpose of assisting the student.

#### HISTORY REVIVIFIED.

"Stuart Life and Manners." By P. F. W. Ryan.  
London: Methuen. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

HERE is evidence of a study of the Grammont Memoirs, of some tracts in the Harleian Miscellany, and of others which are not in that collection. Mr. Ryan has also read Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England"—a fine old book, though not, we think, quite authoritative enough to be referred to as a source. There are some references to the State Trials, at least one to Macaulay and two or three to Pepys, though in no case is chapter or page given. There are a few pages about the food, the doctors, the medicine, and the housing arrangements for rich and poor of the seventeenth century; also something about the postal system, about dress, about education. But Mr. Ryan has scarcely made full use of his opportunities. It seems a pity, for instance, not to mention the Marquis of Montrose in a book on the Stuart period, nor once to refer to the Verney family. Again, the author might with advantage have glanced through the manuscript letters of Dorothy Osborne in the British Museum—letters which are not without their value for the social history of the period, though there is no scandal directly connected with their writer. Then there are the Clarke Papers, which might have been useful to one who undertook to give a "bird's-eye view of the life and manners of all classes in the seventeenth century". For though the Army debates which they chronicle were chiefly about politics, religion, and so forth these were topics which occasionally rose to the surface in those days, despite the wealth of more romantic matter. Again, it would perhaps have been interesting to quote, for instance, a little of Strafford's last letter to the King, and, if considerations of space made it necessary, even to omit in its favour some of the gossip about how Elizabeth Cromwell kept house at Whitehall. The tragedy of Arabella Stuart seems to us more poignant as told with quiet exactitude by Mr. S. R. Gardiner than it is in Mr. Ryan's version. In this there is rather too much of: "For more than an hour they tarried at the tavern. But every moment was golden: and sad at heart . . ." etc. The pathos of an episode sometimes loses rather than gains from the number of exclamation marks which punctuate it. As for minor inaccuracies like "the wisest fool in Europe"; the reiterated assertion that Cromwell was a farmer; a complete failure to understand the attitude of Spain in the business of the Spanish match—these are perhaps not of much moment. But they give one a feeling of insecurity which is not always justified; for Mr. Ryan really has read Baillie's Letters and Evelyn's Diary, and when he is following a pamphlet like the "Relation of Henry Pitman", can write a chapter which is not misleading, though it is a little hectic.

Given the careers of the Buckinghams, father and son, and those of Lady Essex, Lucy Walters, Nell Gwynne, and other romantic figures of the day, Mr. Ryan's epoch is thoroughly well adapted for "writing up". What puzzles one is how this sort of book continues to maintain itself against the novel, the theatre, and all the other ways of killing time which, it is to be presumed, are at the disposal of the people who read them. We do not know how large are the sales which make it worth a publisher's while to bring out a volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, cloth bound, and with a dozen half-tone plates; nor again how much discount is necessary to persuade the circulating libraries to take any number. It is obvious, of course, that the cost of producing the book is the merest fraction of the half-guinea which is its ostensible price: country printing, old blocks, cheap cloth, and an



unknown author are none of them expensive. But why there should be any demand at all for what is described on the wrapper of this particular example as a "reconstruction of those distant but remarkable and entertaining times", we find it difficult to explain. For anyone who is the very least interested in history there are now numberless opportunities of going to the sources: editions of Pepys' Diary, of Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs, of Charles the First's Letters, of the Osborne correspondence, of the Verney Memoirs, and Cromwell's speeches, all of which can now be read in convenient form. For those who prefer their history at second hand there is—to select almost at random—Mr. Trevelyan's book (published by the same house and at the same price), in one page of which there is more "revivifying" of the Stuart period than in Mr. Ryan's three hundred and forty-five. Mr. Trevelyan can make live history if he cannot make it true. For those who merely want colour, romance, and excitement there are historical novels. Does anyone really need Mr. Ryan, with his unfortunate style and slender knowledge, to introduce them to the Stuarts? We can only conclude that there are not enough unfortunate princesses or grand duchesses to give to the world, under their own signatures, authentic memoirs, explanations, and anecdotes old and new; and so there is room for re-telling the scandals and the anecdotes of the past. For, after all, about a scandal that really happened, or was really said to have happened, there is a spice which the most lurid inventions of the novelist cannot equal. The novelist having created the situation cannot so easily be sententious, and there is not the same comforting sense of being edified, and at the same time interested, as there is when, for instance, we are learning how really disgracefully Charles II. behaved. Does not Mr. Ryan remark?—"But worse was to come. If romance is made by contrast, golden days for romance were at hand. Few eyes were dry as Charles rode through London to his ancient home. But those tears of joy and hope were only for a day. Swiftly joy and hope were killed. The new Lord of Whitehall was a regular Lord of Mis-rule". This is precisely what the public wants, and secures at Drury Lane or His Majesty's or in the pages of a book like this of Mr. Ryan.

#### "THE STREET OF THE FLUTE PLAYER."

"The Street of the Flute Player." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. London: Murray. 1912. 6s.

NO limits are put to the range of the modern novel. It reflects every activity of to-day, dashes more or less blindly into the future, or brings back the shreds and patches which are left by the dead centuries. It may be fantastic or realistic according to its maker's wish, but it has long left the age at which a critic could hold it in leading-strings. "Pray, then, define me this thing which you call a novel", says the modern Socrates, grasping his victim; and the unfortunate one instantly knows that he is in the grip of the dreaded elenchus. The first novelist, presumably, made a rule which he intended all his successors to follow, but each of them made another, until the day came when it was admitted that it would be better to own that there were no more rules and that everybody must acknowledge the rule of the exception. Poetry and drama grew in the same way, and the literary revolution, driving out the old men who measured by line, made room for those who would have no cramping even of small thoughts. None, then, may reproach Mr. Stacpoole for making a story of the year of the first production of the "Frogs", at the time of the grape harvest. From some strange cause it happens that those who fight most strenuously against limitations still return in thought to classic models. Because there is music in the sound of certain words of Greek, Chénier brought them back to the eighteenth century, making his verses as pure and clearly cut as the sculptured work of the ancients. Ballanche, Barbier, Edgar Quinet and Théophile Gautier all felt this same need to put some-

thing of classic serenity into their own days of upheaval, and each in his way succeeded.

But Mr. Stacpoole, except in a few rare pages, has failed to capture that spirit of calm which the Frenchmen found in the Attic mood. To speak plainly, he has approached his task without reverence, and he has given us a picture in which all the details are marked with a sharp pen. The past, stripped of its mysteries, is no more than an incomplete example of the present. There was no real need to place this story in Athens, for almost all of it might have been written of any town of to-day about which there still lingers a little of the grace of some of the days before yesterday. Quite a lot of the incidents might have taken place at Oxford, and the author need have done no more than change some forty words and half a dozen names. As an instance we will take the dinner at the house of Diomed, where were met four young bloods (Mr. Stacpoole uses the word), a fool, who was the agent of their rather foolish jests, and Aristophanes. For a moment the great name makes us hold our breath, but he presently appears as a merely disagreeable man. From the dinner they go on to the symposium, at which too much wine is taken, and two of the party, flown with liquor, leave for street adventure and with the hope of entering the house of Gyges the banker, who has at home a pretty daughter. Doubtless these things did take place in Athens, but, as we read of them, we thought only of Oxford, and wondered whether the author could possibly have any acquaintance with the underside of that town. Dreaming in this way, we pictured Aristophanes as an offensive young fellow with knowledge of his superiority, and we realised that it was a splendid idea to make him the victim of a practical joke through the fool of the party. From this it naturally followed that the symposium ought to have been called a "wine", or, to be more modern still, a "drunk", and Gyges was most certainly a tobacconist, that kind of trader being occasionally afflicted with a pretty daughter, and being in other respects the nearest equivalent to an Athenian banker now to be found in a university town. Almost to the end we wished that Mr. Stacpoole had handled these things less freely, for his unabashed desire to be on familiar terms with the people of ancient days seemed somehow like impiety towards the gods. For a moment he introduces the figure of Socrates, but before the philosopher even the twentieth-century novelist displayed some discomfort, and for this we forgave him much. Modesty is a quality which even a clever writer may despise too much. The name of Socrates figured only at the head of the chapter in which he appeared, and for this reticence we give thanks, even though Aristophanes has been thrown to the dogs. The tone of the last few chapters was also not without dignity. Ways of life may alter, but in the end of life we do not expect much change.

#### THEOLOGY.

"Life's Basis and Life's Ideal: the Fundamentals of a New Philosophy of Life." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated, with Introductory Note, by Alban G. Wiggery. London: Black. 1911. 7s. 6d.

Eucken has become more vivid to us since we were privileged to hear him lecture in London last year. The present book begins with a searching analysis of modern systems of thought: especially of the attempts to replace the religious theory of life either by the naturalistic, the socialist, or the system of æsthetic individualism. Since these modern substitutes for the spiritual acknowledge nothing which transcends experience, they necessarily exclude a universal which could pervade and hold the manifold together. Consequently there exists a widespread uncertainty as to the ultimate basal principles of life. "God and reason have become uncertain to us, and the substitutes which are offered—nature, society, and the individual—fail to satisfy us." Eucken considers the solution to lie in amending our point of view. Instead of considering the internal from the standpoint of the external we must reverse the process. What we experience is the growth of man beyond mere Nature. The awakening of

(Continued on page 464.)

## DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM OF ASSURANCE.

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thought involves the contemplation of truth from the standpoint of the timeless and eternal. The effect of such contemplation is to overwhelm us with the lack of reality and depth in the life of Nature. Thus the union of Nature and intelligence produces confusion. But it also necessarily arouses the inquiry whether thought is not based upon a deeper and more comprehensive life from which its power is derived. When thought is concentrated upon the moral, an inner task grows out of life, a task which first accords to human existence its value and its dignity. Thus a new life, distinct from the life of Nature, develops within the soul. To this, however, the objection may be raised that while in striving after truth man advances beyond sense presentations to the activity of thought, nevertheless the thoughts are after all only the thoughts of a man. The answer is, that the spiritual in man, which seems at first his own production, places him in a wider sphere than that of Nature, and thereby attests its own transcendence: the spiritual is operative in man, but it does not originate in the merely human. Here, then, we are in dangerous proximity to the bugbear of the modern mind: the realm of metaphysics. Happily the prospect does not ruffle Eucken's equanimity. "Modern natural science has transformed the world of sense into a world present only to the eyes of research. Certainly science accomplishes these changes within the bounds of experience: in regard to our problem, on the contrary, in which the fundamental form of reality is in question, it is indispensable that we should transcend these bounds; without a change in respect of the whole, and hence without a resort to metaphysics, it is not possible to accomplish our purpose. It is quite clear that the tendency of our time is opposed to appeals to metaphysics: yet it is a question how far this attitude is justified." Eucken contends that while a metaphysic of mere thought cannot satisfy, "metaphysics can proceed also from the whole of life". Doubtless the life of the spirit raises problems. For while from the standpoint of the spiritual the life of the senses appears mean and low, yet without the latter man's life cannot even be preserved. Man has not conferred sensuous needs and desires upon himself by an act of will: he finds himself endowed with these from the beginning. Two worlds conflict within us. The world to which we primarily belong holds us fixed with supreme power, and draws back to itself all movement striving upwards. Can this gulf between the spiritual world and man be transcended? The answer is that this conflict in the very act of exhibiting man's littleness exhibits also his greatness. For it shows not only that the spiritual movement needs man's co-operation, but also that there is within man a conflict against the perversion of the spiritual. "How", asks Eucken, "could this conflict arise and become the soul of universal history if man did not possess a life and being transcending his particularity?" For there is a spiritual history which is distinguishable from the narrowly human or natural. Through all human endeavour is revealed a self-conscious life which is valid, not only for a particular age, but through all ages, and independently of all ages. The task imposed on man is not to subordinate one side of life to the other, but to press forward to a transcendent active whole which unites both sides and develops them both.

"Involution." By Lord Ernest Hamilton. London: Mills and Boon. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

It is always interesting to know a man's ideas about religion, but it is appalling to see how greatly a religion can be misunderstood. The author sets up caricatures which he supposes Christianity to maintain, and, having more or less satisfactorily demolished his own constructions, he imagines himself to have demolished Christianity. The tone is supercilious, and at times deficient in refinement and taste. To say, for instance, that "during the first four centuries Paul's Atonement doctrine was universally recognised as having been an 'election dodge'", is, apart from all questions of accuracy and critical insight, underbred. Whatever we brilliant moderns may think ourselves to be, St. Paul is at least too great a factor in history to be quite so jauntily treated. He may possibly survive and commend himself to another generation when even we ourselves are forgotten. And when the author proceeds to say, in a similar spirit, that in the early part of the fifth century the entire Church was "electrified by the announcement of a momentous discovery", for "a certain Numidian African named Augustine had succeeded in reading a hitherto entirely unsuspected meaning into the cryptic arguments of Paul. It was now found that a certain attitude of mind, following on the performance of certain rites, was rewarded by a complete cancellation of all sin, whether original or committed"; that while "the early Christians had led lives of rigid purity and painful self-denial" in anticipation of a heaven from

which backsliders were rigorously excluded, "it was now discovered that all these sufferings had been unnecessary: hell-fire was not for the wicked but for the uninformed": we can only wonder where in the world the author obtained this horrid nightmare and was able to substitute it for the facts of history. It is simply impossible to possess a moderate knowledge of Augustine's sermons and yet to credit him with the crude conceptions which our author ascribes to him. Nobody even moderately acquainted with the facts could have dared to write the sentence that "Augustine's doctrine was a casuistic distortion in the interests of sin".

A similar incapacity vitiates the author's treatment of the principles of the English Church. "Candidates for Holy Orders", he tells us, "have to subscribe to the second Article of the Christian faith, which lays down that committed sins, no less than original sin, are cancelled by the Atonement". He holds that "there is no other religion in the world"—except the lowest—"where such a manifestly immoral doctrine holds place". How is this strange conclusion reached? The second of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, which the author calls the second Article of the Christian faith, says that Christ "suffered . . . to reconcile His Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for all actual sins of men". Now whatever criticism this sixteenth-century expression may legitimately incur, who in the world, except the author of the criticism before us, imagines that this doctrine excludes all subjective conditions, or implies that since forgiveness is possible, there is no practical difference between sin and sanctity? It is true that no conditions are expressed in the passage quoted; but surely that is only because one thing must be said at a time. The author himself takes 380 pages to describe his own opinions. Might he not allow more than one paragraph to others? The Articles of the Church of England are not only two, they are thirty-nine. And as a matter of fact they include the statement that a "living faith may be as evidently known" by good works "as a tree discerned by the fruit".

Finally, the author rejects Immortality. In his opinion "continued consciousness has no value except in anticipation". This, we are assured, "a very little reflection must make clear". Is there, then, no value in a retrospective consciousness? He illustrates this maxim by supposing that a wretchedly poor and miserable individual has an illness in which he loses permanently every memory of the past; but in which also he acquires a title and a fortune, to the enjoyment of which he then awakes. "Not only is he none the less happy, but probably far happier for his forgetfulness of a wretched past". Would the same hold good of the author if a similar experience caused him utterly to forget that he had ever written this book? There are, of course, things which it is a relief to forget, but also some which it is an advantage to remember; at least as a guide and a warning what to avoid. If the second state were happier than the first, the recollection of the contrast might increase the happiness. It might also serve by way of a precaution. It might help an author to write a better book. If so, recollection would enable him to compare it thankfully with the inferiority of his earlier endeavours. But why is no moral consideration taken into account? When the author writes on Eugenics he sees the importance of memory and past experience. Why not also in the thought of consciousness continued elsewhere? But no: it is all left out. The only thing that seems to matter is the miserable self-content and happiness of the present hour. That I have existed is nothing: whether I shall exist is nothing: only I exist just now, and that is enough. Is it? Well, the consequence is that human destiny becomes a theme for the exercise of smartness, in which any notion of the real value of a man simply disappears. This is not hopeful even in its bearing on the prospects of Eugenics. Only so long as one is a stranger to life's deeper experiences is it possible to write in such a spirit. This book has about as much value as the little quibbling criticisms of the inartistic and untrained upon a masterpiece which they cannot understand. It is a pity that a man who probably possesses acquaintances in literary circles does not possess a single candid friend sincere enough to advise him to study before he writes, and frank enough to tell him that so long as he indulges in vulgarity and bounce he is incompetent to touch the merest fringes of Religion. Or is it that he himself would not listen if he were advised, since he is lacking in the power to know his limits, and simply does not know that he does not know? Well, this is a free country; so a man can print almost anything he may please. But the high spirits of a pert and irresponsible schoolboy are better engaged in almost any other occupation than in superficial banter on the destinies of man.

For this Week's Books see page 466 and 468.

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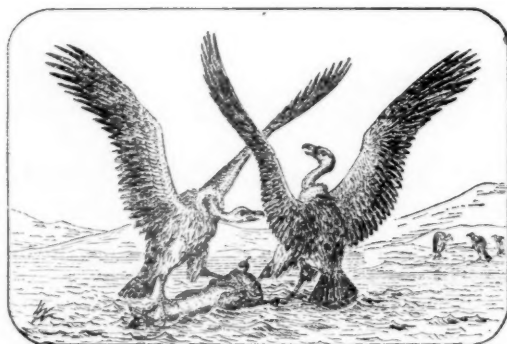
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| <b>Borrowers of Fortune</b>                           | J. L. HERBERTSON | <b>The Cahusac Mystery</b> (Oct. 31)       |                            |
|   |                  |  | K. and H. HESKETH PRICHARD |

WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.